Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/withumorofameric06wild

Library Edition

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF AMERICA

In Ten Volumes

VOL. VI

FINLEY PETER DUNNE
(MR. DOOLEY)

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF AMERICA

EDITED BY
MARSHALL P. WILDER

Volume VI

Funk & Wagnalls Company
New York and London

Copyright MDCCCCVII, BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

Copyright MDCCCCXI, THE THWING COMPANY

PN
6157
W64
v.6

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Abou Ben Butler	John Paul	1167
Advertiser, The	Eugene Field	1101
After the Funeral	James M. Bailey	1146
Apostasy of William Dodge, The	Stanley Waterloo	1084
Ballad of Grizzly Gulch, The	Wallace Irwin	1073
Banty Tim	John Hay	1173
Bear Story, The	James Whitcomb Riley	1047
Book-Canvasser, The	Anonymous	1113
Bully Boat and a Brag Captain, A	Sol Smith	1208
Bumblebeaver, The	Kenyon Cox	1145
Casey at the Bat	Ernest Lawrence Thayer	1148
Chad's Story of the Goose	F. Hopkinson Smith	993
Colonel Carter's Story of the Postmaster	F. Hopkinson Smith	1052
Comic Miseries	John G. Saxe	1121
Coquette, The	John G. Saxe	1127
De Gradual Commence	Wallace Bruce Amsbary	1164
Evening	Oliver Wendell Holmes	1175
Fairport Art Museum, The	Octave Thanet	1062
Famous Mulligan Ball, The	Frank L. Stanton	1103
Genial Idiot Discusses the Music Cure, The	John Kendrick Bangs	1105
Grains of Truth	Bill Nye	985
Her Valentine	Richard Hovey	1117
It Pays to be Happy	Tom Masson	1170
James and Reginald	Eugene Field	1171
Jones	Lloyd Osbourne	1007
Latter-Day Warnings	Oliver Wendell Holmes	1168
Lost Chords	Eugene Field	1080
Love Sonnets of an Office Boy	S. E. Kiser	1056
Martyrdom of Mr. Stevens, The	Herbert Quick	1151
Merchant and the Book Agent, The	Anonymous	1124
Modern Farmer, The	Jack Appleton	1083

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Mosquito, The	William Cullen Bryant	1199
Mr. Dooley on the Game of Football	Finley Peter Dunne	1059
My First Cigar	Robert J. Burdette	1204
My Philosophy	James Whitcomb Riley	1076
Octopussycat, The	Kenyon Cox	1112
Old Settler, The	Ed. Mott	1177
Owl-Critic, The	James T. Fields	1196
Paintermine, The	Kenyon Cox	1100
Shonny Schwartz	Charles Follen Adams	1206
Society Upon the Stanislaus, The	Bret Harte	1078
So Wags the World	Anne Warner	1092
Spring Feeling, A	Bliss Carman	1129
Talking Horse, The	John T. McIntyre	1185
Thompson Street Poker Club, The	Henry Guy Carleton	1140
Thoughts fer the Discuraged Farmer	James Whitcomb Riley	1081
"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-bum! bum!"	Wilbur D. Nesbit	1202
Unconscious Humor	J. K. Wetherell	998
Up and Down Old Brandywine	James Whitcomb Riley	1003
Verre Definite	Wallace Bruce Amsbary	1183
Wasted Opportunities	Roy Farrell Greene	1132
Weddin', The	Jennie Betts Hartswick	1134
Welsh Rabbittern, The	Kenyon Cox	1120
When the Allegash Drive Goes Through	Holman F. Day	1214
Wild Boarder, The	Kenyon Cox	1163

COMPLETE INDEX AT THE END OF VOLUME X.

GRAINS OF TRUTH

BY BILL NYE

A young friend has written to me as follows: "Could you tell me something of the location of the porcelain works in Sèvres, France, and what the process is of making those beautiful things which come from there? How is the name of the town pronounced? Can you tell me anything of the history of Mme. Pompadour? Who was the Dauphin? Did you learn anything of Louis XV whilst in France? What are your literary habits?"

It is with a great, bounding joy that I impart the desired information. Sèvres is a small village just outside of St. Cloud (pronounced San Cloo). It is given up to the manufacture of porcelain. You go to St. Cloud by rail or river, and then drive over to Sèvres by diligence or voiture. Some go one way and some go the other. I rode up on the Seine, aboard of a little, noiseless, low-pressure steamer about the size of a sewing machine. It was called the Silvoo Play, I think.

The fare was thirty centimes—or, say, three cents. After paying my fare and finding that I still had money left, I lunched at St. Cloud in the open air at a trifling expense. I then took a bottle of milk from my pocket and quenched my thirst. Traveling through France one finds that the water is especially bad, tasting of the Dauphin

at times, and dangerous in the extreme. I advise those, therefore, who wish to be well whilst doing the Continent, to carry, especially in France, as I did, a large, thick-set bottle of milk, or kumiss, with which to take the wire edge off one's whistle whilst being yanked through the Louvre.

St. Cloud is seven miles west of the center of Paris and almost ten miles by rail on the road to Versailles —pronounced Vairsi. St. Cloud belongs to the canton of Sèvres and the arrondissement of Versailles. An arrondissement is not anything reprehensible. It is all right. You, yourself, could belong to an arrondissement if you lived in France.

St. Cloud is on the beautiful hill slope, looking down the valley of the Seine, with Paris in the distance. It is peaceful and quiet and beautiful. Everything is peaceful in Paris when there is no revolution on the carpet. The steam cars run safely and do not make so much noise as ours do. The steam whistle does not have such a hold on people as it does here. The adjutant-general at the depot blows a little tin bugle, the admiral of the train returns the salute, the adjutant-general says "Allons!" and the train starts off like a somewhat leisurely young man who is going to the depot to meet his wife's mother.

One does not realize what a Fourth of July racket we live in and employ in our business till he has been the guest of a monarchy of Europe, between whose toes the timothy and clover have sprung up to a great height. And yet it is a pleasing change, and I shall be glad when we as a republic have passed the blow-hard period, laid aside the ear-splitting steam whistle, settled down to good, permanent institutions, and taken on the restful, soothful, Boston air which comes with time and the quiet self-congratulation that one is born in a Bible land

and with Gospel privileges, and where the right to worship in a strictly high-church manner is open to all.

The Palace of St. Cloud was once the residence of Napoleon I in summer-time. He used to go out there for the heated term, and folding his arms across his stomach, have thought after thought regarding the future of France. Yet he very likely never had an idea that some day it would be a thrifty republic, engaged in growing green peas, or pulling a soiled dove out of the Seine, now and then, to add to the attractions of her justly celebrated morgue.

Louis XVIII also put up at the Palace in St. Cloud several summers. He spelled it "palais," which shows that he had very poor early English advantages, or that he was, as I have always suspected, a native of Quebec. Charles X also changed the bedding somewhat, and moved in during his reign. He also added a new iron sink and a place in the barn for washing buggies. Louis Philippe spent his summers here for a number of years, and wrote weekly letters to the Paris papers, signed "Uno," in which he urged the taxpayers to show more veneration for their royal nibs. Napoleon III occupied the palais in summer during his lifetime, availing himself finally of the use of Mr. Bright's justly celebrated disease and dying at the dawn of better institutions for beautiful but unhappy France.

I visited the palais (pronounced pallay), which was burned by the Prussians in 1870. The grounds occupy 960 acres, which I offered to buy and fit up, but probably I did not deal with responsible parties. This part of France reminds me very much of North Carolina. I mean, of course, the natural features. Man has done more for France, it seems to me, than for the Tar Heel State, and the cities of Asheville and Paris are widely different.

The police of Paris rarely get together in front of the court-house to pitch horseshoes or dwell on the outlook for the goober crop.

And yet the same blue, ozonic sky, if I may be allowed to coin a word, the same soft, restful, *dolce frumenti* air of gentle, genial health, and of cark destroying, magnetic balm to the congested soul, the inflamed nerve and the festering brain, are present in Asheville that one finds in the quiet drives of San Cloo with the successful squirt of the mighty fountains of Vairsi and the dark and whispering forests of Fon-taine-*bloo*.

The palais at San Cloo presents a rather dejected appearance since it was burned, and the scorched walls are bare, save where here and there a warped and wilted water pipe festoons the blackened and blistered wreck of what was once so grand and so gay.

San Cloo has a normal school for the training of male teachers only. I visited it, but for some cause I did not make a hit in my address to the pupils until I began to speak in their own national tongue. Then the closest attention was paid to what I said, and the keenest delight was manifest on every radiant face. The president, who spoke some English, shook hands with me as we parted, and I asked him how the students took my remarks. He said: "They shall all the time keep the thinkness—what you shall call the recollect—of monsieur's speech in preserves, so that they shall forget it not continualle. We shall all the time say we have not witness something like it since the time we come here, and have not so much enjoy ourselves since the grand assassination by the guillotine. Come next winter and be with us for one week. Some of us will remain in the hall each time."

At San Cloo I hired of a quiet young fellow about thirty-five years of age, who kept a very neat livery

stable there, a sort of victoria and a big Percheron horse, with fetlock whiskers that reminded me of the Sutherland sisters. As I was in no hurry I sat on the iron settee in the cool court of the livery stable, and with my arm resting on the shoulder of the proprietor I spoke of the crops and asked if generally people about there regarded the farmer movement as in any way threatening to the other two great parties. He did not seem to know, and so I watched the coachman who was to drive me, as he changed his clothes in order to give me my money's worth in grandeur.

One thing I liked about France was that the people were willing, at a slight advance on the regular price, to treat a very ordinary man with unusual respect and esteem. This surprised and delighted me beyond measure, and I often told people there that I did not begrudge the additional expense. The coachman was also hostler, and when the carriage was ready he altered his attire by removing a coarse, gray shirt or tunic and putting on a long, olive green coachman's coat, with erect linen collar and cuffs sewed into the collar and sleeves. He wore a high hat that was much better than mine, as is frequently the case with coachmen and their employers. My coachman now gives me his silk hat when he gets through with it in the spring and fall, so I am better dressed than I used to be.

But we were going to say a word regarding the porcelain works at Sèvres. It is a modern building and is under government control. The museum is filled with the most beautiful china dishes and funny business that one could well imagine. Besides, the pottery ever since its construction has retained its models, and they, of course, are worthy of a day's study. The "Sèvres blue" is said to be a little bit bluer than anything else in the known world

except the man who starts a nonpareil paper in a pica town.

I was careful not to break any of these vases and things, and thus endeared myself to the foreman of the place. All employes are uniformed and extremely deferential to recognized ability. Practically, for half a day, I owned the place.

A cattle friend of mine who was looking for a dynasty whose tail he could twist while in Europe, and who used, often to say over our glass of vin ordinaire (which I have since learned is not the best brand at all), that nothing would tickle him more than "to have a little deal with a crowned head and get him in the door," accidentally broke a blue crock out there at Sèvres which wouldn't hold over a gallon, and it took the best part of a carload of cows to pay for it, he told me.

The process of making the Sèvres ware is not yet published in book form, especially the method of coloring and enameling. It is a secret possessed by duly authorized artists. The name of the town is pronounced Save.

Mme. Pompadour is said to have been the natural daughter of a butcher, which I regard as being more to her own credit than though she had been an artificial one. Her name was Jeanne Antoinette Poisson Le Normand d'Etioles, Marchioness de Pompadour, and her name is yet used by the authorities of Versailles as a fire escape, so I am told.

She was the mistress of Louis XV, who never allowed her to put her hands in dishwater during the entire time she visited at his house. D'Etioles was her first husband, but she left him for a gay but rather reprehensible life at court, where she was terribly talked about, though she is said not to have cared a cent.

She developed into a marvelous politician, and early

seeing that the French people were largely governed by the literary lights of that time, she began to cultivate the acquaintance of the magazine writers, and tried to join the Authors' Club.

She then became prominent by originating a method of doing up the hair, which has since grown popular among people whose hair has not, like my own, been already "done up."

This style of Mme. Pompadour's was at once popular with the young men who ran the throttles of the soda fountains of that time, and is still well spoken of. A young friend of mine trained his hair up from his forehead in that way once and could not get it down again. During his funeral his hair, which had been glued down by the undertaker, became surprised at something said by the clergyman and pushed out the end of his casket.

The king tired in a few years of Mme. Pompadour and wished that he had not encouraged her to run away from her husband. She, however, retained her hold upon the blasé and alcoholic monarch by her wonderful versatility and genius.

When all her talents as an artiste and politician palled upon his old rum-soaked and emaciated brain, and ennui, like a mighty canker, ate away large corners of his moth-eaten soul, she would sit in the gloaming and sing to him, "Hard Times, Hard Times, Come Again No More," meantime accompanying herself on the harpsichord or the sackbut or whatever they played in those days. Then she instituted theatricals, giving, through the aid of the nobility, a very good version of "Peck's Bad Boy" and "Lend Me Five Centimes."

She finally lost her influence over Looey the XV, and as he got to be an old man the thought suddenly occurred to him to reform, and so he had Mme. Pompadour be-

headed at the age of forty-two years. This little story should teach us that no matter how gifted we are, or how high we may wear our hair, our ambitions must be tempered by honor and integrity; also that pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a plunk.

CHAD'S STORY OF THE GOOSE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dat's one ob 'em you's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready, an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:

" 'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

" 'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

" 'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

" 'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:

" 'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad.'

" 'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says, 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin':

" 'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

" 'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

" 'Is we got a goose?' said I.

" '*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

" 'Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

" 'What'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

" 'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa, cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.'

" 'What 'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

" 'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:

" 'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

" 'It didn't hab none,' says I.

" 'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

" 'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

" 'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly

went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down so, an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheek.

" 'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered, an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

" 'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses did n't put down de udder leg!

" 'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you'—

" 'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ' 't ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

" 'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

" ' 'Cause,' says I, 'you did n't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table'."

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:

" 'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'case I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:

"'Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

"'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' didn't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

"'Chad,' he says, handin' me de reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.'"

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR

BY J. K. WETHERILL

Perhaps unconscious humor does not appeal to the more amiable side of our sense of mirth, for it excites in us a conceited feeling of superiority over those who are making us laugh,—but its unexpectedness and infinite variety render it irresistible to a certain class of minds. The duly labeled "joke" follows a certain law and rule; whereas no jester could invent the *grotesqueries* of the unconscious humorist.

As a humble gleaner after the editorial scythe,—or, to be truly modern, I should say mowing-machine,—I have gathered some strange sheaves of this sort of humor. Like many provincial newspapers, that to which I am attached makes a feature of printing the social happenings in villages of the surrounding country, and these out-of-town correspondents "don't do a thing to" the English language. One of them invariably refers to the social lights of his vicinity as "our prominent socialists," and describes some individual as "happening to an accident." To another, every festal occasion is "a bower of beauty and a scene of fairyland." Blue-penciling they resent, and one of them wrote to complain that a descriptive effort of his had been "much altered and deranged." The paper also publishes portraits of children and young women, and it is in the descriptions accompanying these pictures that the rural correspondent excels himself. One wound up his eulogy in an apparently irrepressible burst of enthusiasm:

"She is indeed a *tout ensemble.*" A child of six months was described as "studious"; and another correspondent went into details thus: "Little Willie has only one large blue eye, the other having been punched out by his brother with a stick, by accident." A small child was accredited with "a pleasing disposition and a keen juvenile conception."

The following are some of the descriptive phrases applied to village belles: "She is perfectly at home on the piano, where her executions have attained international celebrity." . . . "She possesses a mine of repartee and the qualities which have long rendered illustive her noble family." . . . "Her carriage and disposition are swanlike." . . . "Her eyes can express pathetic pathos, but flash forth fiery independence when her country's name is traduced." . . . "She has a molded arm, and her Junolike form glides with a rhythmic move in the soft swell of a Strauss." . . . "Her chestnut hair gives a rich recess to her lovely, fawnlike eyes, which shine like a star set in the crown of an angel." . . . One writer becomes absolutely incoherent in his admiration, and lavishes a mixture of metaphors upon his subject: "She portrays a picture worthy of a Raphael. She dances like the fairies before the heavenly spirits. She looks like a celestial goddess from an outburst of morning-glories; her lovely form would assume a phantomlike flash as she glides the floor, as though she were a mystic dream."

Scarcely less rich in unconscious humor are some of the effusions of those who have literary aspirations. A descriptive article contains a reference to "a lonely house that stood in silent mutiny." "Indians who border on civilization, an interesting people in their superstitious way," infested the vicinity, and one of the points of interest was the Wild Man's Leap, "so called from an In-

dian who is said to have leaped across to get away from some men who were trying to expatriate him." An aspirant made this generous offer: "I will write you an article every week if you so wish it, as I have nothing to do after supper." Modest was the request of another, concerning remuneration: "I do not ask for money, but would like you to send me a small monkey. I already have a parrot."

But no finer specimen of unconscious humor has ever fallen under the sub-editorial eye than "The Beautiful Circus Girl." In these enterprising days rising young authors sometimes boast in print of their ignorance of grammar and spelling, but the author of the aforementioned bit of fiction surpasses them all in that respect. It seems only just that such a unique gem should be rescued from the dull obscurity of the waste-basket.

THE BEAUTIFUL CIRCUS GIRL

Some years ago the quaint but slow little village of Mariana was all on the qui-of-eve with excitement. Pasted on every tree and sign was announcements of Hall's circus, and the aperence of pretty Rose Floid in the pearless feets of tight-rope dancing, and Seignor Paul Paulo as her attendent. All the vilage was agog, for in their midst had old Hall and his Wife whome he always (spoke of as the Misus) taken a small but quaint cotage, so as to make quiet and please Rose whose guardien he was.

In the distanse was seen an advancing teem, and mounted on its box driving was W. Alexander, distinguished as to aperence, tallent, and that charm, *money*. He was of the most patricien aristocrats of the place. Placed on the summit of one of those hils that spring up

in the most unexpected ways and degrees was the quaint old Tudor mansion of the Alexanders called Waterloo, in rememberence of the home of his ancestors which now rests on the banks of the Potomack; a legend as to war and romance. Though bearing with him all the honners that Cambridg could confere, W. Alexander was a faverite in the vilage, being ever ready with a kind enquiry as to Parent, or peny for marbles, not forgetting his boyhoods days. Though the beau par excelant of the vilage, and posessing vast landed estate and a kind retinu, he was not haughty.

Every one was eger to see Rose perform. She in her pasage too and frow had won by her sweet manners (many likings) ere she exhibited her skill.

The eventful hour of promis came and what a crowd was there. Rose came fourth, asisted by Paul Paulo. His form was molded even as an Apolo, and his eger eye was fixed on the bony girl. She ballanced her pole, saught her equiliberum, and every heart was at her desposal, not accepting W. Alexander. Seeing this, the dark pashonate eye of the Italian scowled.

So droped the curtain of the first performance. And W. Alexander stroled on towards his home, heart and head full of the beautiful circus girl, thoughts were very conflicting, love at first sight.

(We will skip, for want of space, the exquisite passages descriptive of the mutual love of Rose and W. Alexander, and pass on to the finale.)

There was a paus, a sencation, and Rose came fourth to meander in mid-air. Admeration was at its hight, as she swayed too and frow as it were a winged egle from some etherial climb.

Low! a paus—the rope snaps—and Rose falls to erth a helpless mass of youth and beauty. The venerable man

of medicin closed her star-lit eyes now forever dimed to this world. And all knew she had walked the last rope that bound her to this erth.

What, who, was her murderer?

The rope seemed to be cut with some jaged instrument so that when her tiny feat pressed its coils it became her destroyer.

Suspician pointed at the Italian.

W. Alexander's old Father of sympathy now the strongest, entreted our Hero to sale for distent shores, there asisted by that balm time and change, there assuage his grefe.

Well, came the last evening, and with the sadest of hearts and a bunch of sweet violets W. Alexander went to bid a long fare well.

But as he neared the sacred spot his heart seemed deadened. Prone on her grave changing the snowy whiteness of the flowers with its crimson die was the body of Paul Paulo. Who by his own hand caused his life blood to floe as an attonement.

UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Up and down old Brandywine,
In the days 'at's past and gone—
With a dad-burn hook-and-line
And a saplin'-pole—i swawn!
I've had more fun, to the square
Inch, than ever *any*where!
Heaven to come can't discount mine
Up and down old Brandywine!

Haint no sense in *wishin'*—yit
Wisht to goodness I *could* jes
"Gee" the blame world round and git
Back to that old happiness!—
Kindo' drive back in the shade
"The old Covered Bridge" there laid
Crosst the crick, and sorto' soak
My soul over, hub and spoke!

Honest, now!—it haint no *dream*
'At I'm wantin',—but *the fac's*
As they wuz; the same old stream,
And the same old times, i jacks!—
Gim me back my bare feet—and
Stonebruise too!—And scratched and tanned!
And let hottest dog-days shine
Up and down old Brandywine!

In and on betwixt the trees
'Long the banks, pour down yer noon,
Kindo' curdled with the breeze
And the yallerhammer's tune;
And the smokin', chokin' dust
O' the turnpike at its wusst—
Saturd'ys, say, when it seems
Road's jes jammed with country teams!—

Whilse the old town, fur away
'Crosst the hazy pastur'-land,
Dozed-like in the heat o' day
Peaceful' as a hired hand.
Jolt the gravel th'ough the floor
O' the old bridge!—grind and roar
With yer blame percession-line—
Up and down old Brandywine!

Souse me and my new straw-hat
Off the foot-log!—what *I* care?—
Fist shoved in the crown o' that—
Like the old Clown ust to wear.
Wouldn't swop it fer a' old
Gin-u-wine raal crown o' gold!—
Keep yer *King* ef you'll gim me
Jes the boy I ust to be!

Spill my fishin'-worms! er steal
My best "goggle-eye!"—but you
Can't lay hands on joys I feel
Nibblin' like they ust to do!
So, in memory, to-day
Same old ripple lips away
At my cork and saggin' line,
Up and down old Brandywine!

There the logs is, round the hill,
  Where "Old Irvin" ust to lift
Out sunfish from daylight till
  Dew-fall—'fore he'd leave "The Drift"
    And give *us* a chance—and then
    Kindo' fish back home again,
    Ketchin' 'em jes left and right
    Where *we* hadn't got "a bite!"

Er, 'way windin' out and in,—
  Old path th'ough the iurnweeds
And dog-fennel to yer chin—
  Then come suddent, th'ough the reeds
    And cat-tails, smack into where
    Them-air woods-hogs ust to scare
    Us clean 'crosst the County-line,
    Up and down old Brandywine!

But the dim roar o' the dam
  It 'ud coax us furder still
Tords the old race, slow and ca'm,
  Slidin' on to Huston's mill—
    Where, I 'spect, "The Freeport crowd"
    Never *warmed* to us er 'lowed
    We wuz quite so overly
    Welcome as we aimed to be.

Still it peared-like ever'thing—
  Fur away from home as *there*—
Had more *relish*-like, i jing!—
  Fish in stream, er bird in air!
    O them rich old bottom-lands,
    Past where Cowden's Schoolhouse stands!
    Wortermelons—*master-mine!*
    Up and down old Brandywine!

And sich pop-paws!—Lumps o' raw
  Gold and green,—jes oozy th'ough
With ripe yaller—like you've saw
  Custard-pie with no crust to:
    And jes *gorges* o' wild plums,
    Till a feller'd suck his thumbs
    Clean up to his elbows! *My!—*
    Me some more er lem me die!

Up and down old Brandywine!....
  Stripe me with pokeberry-juice!—
Flick me with a pizenvine
  And yell "*Yip!*" and lem me loose!
    —Old now as I then wuz young,
    'F I could sing as I *have* sung,
    Song 'ud surely ring *dee-vine*
    Up and down old Brandywine!

JONES

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

I

I could have taken "No" like a man, and would have gone away decently and never bothered her again. I told her so straight out in the first angry flush of my rejection—but this string business, with everything left hanging in the air, so to speak, made a fellow feel like thirty cents.

"It simply means that I'm engaged and you are not," I said.

"It's nothing of the kind," she returned tearfully. "You're as free as free, Ezra. You can go away this moment, and never write or anything!"

Her lips trembled as she said this, and I confess it gave me a kind of savage pleasure to feel that it was still in my power to hurt her.

It may sound unkind, but still you must admit that the whole situation was exasperating. Here was five-foot-five of exquisite, blooming, twenty-year-old American girlhood sending away the man she confessed to care for, because, forsooth, she would not marry before her elder sister! I always thought it was beautiful of Freddy (she was named Frederica, you know) to be always so sweet and tender and grateful about Eleanor; but sometimes gratitude can be carried altogether too far, even if you *are* an orphan, and *were* brought up by hand. Eleanor was

thirty-four if a day—a nice enough woman, of course, and college bred, and cultivated, and clever—but her long suit wasn't good looks. She was tall and bony; worshipped genius and all that; and played the violin.

"No," repeated Freddy, "I shall never, never marry before Eleanor. It would mortify her—I know it would—and make her feel that she herself had failed. She's awfully frank about those things, Ezra—surprisingly frank. I don't see why being an old maid is always supposed to be so funny, do you? It's touching and tragic in a woman who'd like to marry and who isn't asked!"

"But Eleanor must have had heaps of offers," I said, "surely—"

"Just one."

"Well, one's something," I remarked cheerfully. "Why didn't she take him then?"

"She told me only last night that she was sorry she hadn't!"

Here, at any rate, was something to chew on. I saw a gleam of hope. Why shouldn't Eleanor marry the only one—and make us all happy!

"That was three years ago," said Freddy.

"I have loved you for four," I retorted. I was cross with disappointment. To be dashed to the ground, you know, just as I was beginning— "Tell me some more about him," I went on. I'm a plain business man and hang on to an idea like a bulldog; once I get my teeth in they stay in, for all you may drag at me and wallop me with an umbrella—metaphorically speaking, of course.

"Tell me his name, where he lives, and all."

"We were coming back from Colorado, and there was some mistake about our tickets. They sold our Pullman drawing-room twice over—to Doctor Jones and his mother, and also to ourselves. You never saw such a fight

—and that led to our making friends, and his proposing to Eleanor!"

"Then why in Heaven's name didn't she" (it was on the tip of my tongue to say "jump at him") "take him?"

"She said she couldn't marry a man who was her intellectual inferior."

"And was he?"

"Oh, he was a perfect idiot—but nice, and all that, and tremendously in love with her. Pity, wasn't it?"

"The obvious thing to do is to chase him up instantly. Where did you say he lived?"

"His mother told me he was going to New York to practice medicine."

"But didn't you ever hear from him again? I mean, was that the end of it all?"

"Yes."

"Then you don't even know if he has married since?"

"No!"

"Nor died?"

"No."

"Nor anything at all?"

"No."

"What was his first name?"

"Wait a moment . . . let me think . . . yes, it was Harry."

"Just Harry Jones, then, New York City?"

Freddy laughed forlornly.

"But he must have had antecedents," I cried out. "There are two ways of doing this Sherlock Holmes business—backward and forward, you know. Let's take Doctor Jones backward. As they say in post-office forms —what was his place of origin?"

"New York City."

"He begins there and ends there, does he, then?"

"Yes."

"But how sure are you that Eleanor would marry him if I did manage to find him and bring him back?"

"I'm not sure at all."

"No, but Freddy, listen—it's important. You told me yourself that she—I want the very identical words she used."

Freddy reflected.

"She said she was almost sorry she hadn't accepted that silly doctor!"

"That doesn't seem much, does it?" I remarked gloomily.

"Oh, from Eleanor it does, Ezra. She said it quite seriously. She always hides her feelings under a veil of sarcastic humor, you know."

"You're certainly a very difficult family to marry," I said.

"Being an orphan—" she began.

"Well, I'm going to find that Jones if I—!"

"Ezra, dear boy, you're crazy. How could you think for a moment that—"

"I'm off, little girl. Good-by!"

"Wait a second, Ezra!"

She rose and went into the next room, reappearing with something in her hand. She was crying and smiling both at once. I took the little case she gave me—it was like one of those things that pen-knives are put in—and looked at her for an explanation.

"It's the h-h-hindleg of a j-j-jack-rabbit," she said, "shot by a g-g-grave at the f-f-full of the moon. It's supposed to be l-l-lucky. It was given to me by a naval officer who got drowned. It's the only way I can h-h-help you!"

And thus equipped I started bravely for New York.

II

In the directory I found eleven pages of Joneses; three hundred and eighty-four Henry Joneses; and (excluding seventeen dentists) eighty-seven Doctor Henry Joneses. I asked one of the typists in the office to copy out the list, and prepared to wade in. We were on the eve of a labor war, and it was exceedingly difficult for me to get away. As the managing partner of Hodge & Westoby, boxers (not punching boxers, nor China boxers, but just plain American box-making boxers), I had to bear the brunt of the whole affair, and had about as much spare time as you could heap on a ten-cent piece. I had to be firm, conciliatory, defiant and tactful all at once, and every hour I took off for Jonesing threatened to blow the business sky-high. It was a tight place and no mistake, and it was simply jack-rabbit hindleg luck that pulled me through!

My first Jones was a hoary old rascal above a drug store. He was a hard man to get away from, and made such a fuss about my wasting his time with idle questions that I flung him a dollar and departed. He followed me down to my cab and insisted on sticking in a giant bottle of his Dog-Root Tonic. I dropped it overboard a few blocks farther on, and thought that was the end of it till the whole street began to yell at me, and a policeman grabbed my horse, while a street arab darted up breathless with the Dog-Root Tonic. I presented it to him, together with a quarter, the policeman darkly regarding me as an incipient madman.

The second Jones was a man of about thirty, a nice, gentlemanly fellow, in a fine office. I have usually been an off-hand man in business, accustomed to quick decisions and very little beating about the bush. But I confess I was rather nonplussed with the second Jones. How

the devil was I to *begin?* His waiting-room was full of people, and I hardly felt entitled to sit down and gas about one thing and the other till the chance offered of leading up to the Van Coorts. So I said I had some queer, shooting sensations in the chest. In five minutes he had me half-stripped and was pounding my midriff in. And the questions that man asked! He began with my grandparents, roamed through my childhood and youth, dissected my early manhood, and finally came down to coffee and what I ate for breakfast.

Then it was my turn.

I asked him, as a starter, whether he had ever been in Colorado?

No, he hadn't.

After forty-five minutes of being hammered, and stethoscoped, and punched, and holding my breath till I was purple, and hopping on one leg, he said I was a very obscure case of something with nine syllables!

"At least, I won't be positive with one examination," he said; "but kindly come to-morrow at nine, when I shall be more at leisure to go into the matter thoroughly."

I paid him ten dollars and went sorrowfully away.

The third Jones was too old to be my man; so was the fourth; the fifth had gone away the month before, leaving no address; the sixth, however, was younger and more promising. I thought this time I'd choose something easier than pains in the chest. I changed them to my left hand. I was going to keep my clothes on, anyhow. But it wasn't any use. Off they came. After a decent interval of thumping and grandfathers, and what I had for breakfast, I managed to get in my question:

"Ever in Colorado, Doctor?"

"Oh, dear me, no!"

Another ten dollars, and nothing accomplished!

The seventh Jones was again too old; the eighth was a pale hobbledehoy; the ninth was a loathsome quack; the tenth had died that morning; the eleventh was busy; the twelfth was a veterinary surgeon; the thirteenth was an intern living at home with his widowed sister. Colorado? No, the widowed sister was positive he had never been there. The fourteenth was a handsome fellow of about thirty-five. He looked poor and threadbare, and I had a glimpse of a shabby bed behind a screen. Patients obviously did not often come his way, and his joy at seeing me was pitiful. I had meant to try a bluff and get in my Colorado question this time free of charge; but I hadn't the heart to do it. Slight pains in the head seemed a safe complaint.

After a few questions he said he would have to make a thorough physical examination.

"No clothes off!" I protested.

"It's essential," he said, and went on with something about the radio-activity of the brain, and the vasomotor centers. The word motor made me feel like a sick automobile. I begged to keep my clothes on; I insisted; I promised to come to-morrow; but it wasn't any good, and in a few minutes he was hitting me harder than either of the two before. Maybe I was more tender! He electrocuted me extra from a switchboard, ran red-hot needles into my legs, and finally, after banging me around the room, said I was the strongest and wellest man who had ever entered his office.

"There's a lot of make-believe in medicine," he said; "but I'm one of those poor devils who can't help telling a patient the truth. There's nothing whatever the matter with you, Mr. Westoby, except that your skin has a slightly abrased look, and I seem to notice an abnormal sensitiveness to touch."

"Were you ever in Colorado, Doctor?" I asked while he was good enough to help me into my shirt.

"Oh, yes, I know Colorado well!"

My heart beat high.

"Some friends of mine were out there three years ago," I said. "Wouldn't it be strange if by any chance the Van Coorts—"

"Oh, I left Denver when I was fifteen."

Five dollars!

The fifteenth Jones was a doctor of divinity; the sixteenth was a tapeworm specialist; the seventeenth was too old, the eighteenth was too old, the nineteenth was too old—a trio of disappointing patriarchs. The twentieth painted out black eyes; the twenty-first was a Russian who could scarcely speak any English. He said he had changed his name from Karaforvochristophervitch to something more suited to American pronunciation. He seemed to think that Jones gave him a better chance. I sincerely hope it did. He told me that all the rest of the Jones family was in Siberia, but that he was going to bomb them out! The twenty-second was a negro. The twenty-third—! He was a tall, youngish man, narrow-shouldered, rather commonplace-looking, with beautiful blue eyes, and a timid, winning, deprecatory manner. I told him I was suffering from insomnia. After raking over my grandfathers again and bringing the family history down by stages to the very moment I was shown into his office he said he should have to ask me to undergo a thorough physical—! But I was tired of being slapped and punched and breathed on and prodded, and was bold enough to refuse point-blank. I'd rather have the insomnia! We worked up quite a fuss about it, for there was something tenacious in the fellow, for all his mild, kind, gentle ways; and I had all I could do to get off by

pleading press of business. But I wasn't to escape scot-free. Medical science had to get even somehow. He compromised by stinging my eye out with belladonna. Have *you* ever had belladonna squirted in *your* eye? Well, don't.

He was sitting at the table, writing out some cabalistic wiggles that stood for bromide of potassium, when I remarked casually that it was strange how well I could always sleep in Colorado.

He laid down the pen with a sigh.

"A wonderful state—Colorado," I observed.

"To me it's the land of memories," he said. "Sad, beautiful, irrevocable memories—try tea for breakfast—do you read Browning? Then you will remember that line: 'Oh, if I—' And I insist on your giving up that cocktail before dinner."

"Some very dear friends of mine were once in Colorado," I said. "Morristown people—the Van Coorts."

"The Van Coorts!"

Doctor Jones sprang from his chair, his thin, handsome face flushing with excitement.

"Do you mean to say that you know Eleanor Van Coort?" he gasped.

"All my life."

He dropped back into the chair again and mumbled something about cigars. I was only to have blank a day. In his perturbation I believe he limited me to a daily box. He was trying—and trying very badly—to conceal the emotions I had conjured up.

"They were talking about you only yesterday," I went on. "That is, if it *was* you! A Pullman drawing-room—"

"And a mistake about the tickets," he broke out. "Yes, yes, it's they all right. Talking about me, did you say? Did Eleanor—I mean, did Miss Van Coort—express—?"

"She was wondering how she could find you," I said. "You see, they're busy getting up a house-party and she was running over her men. 'If I only knew where that dear Doctor Jones was,' she said, and then asked me, if by any possible chance—"

His fine blue eyes were glistening with all sorts of tender thoughts. It was really touching. And I was in love myself, you know.

"So she has remained unmarried!" he exclaimed softly. "Unmarried—after all these years!"

"She's a very popular girl," I said. "She's had dozens of men at her feet—but an unfortunate attachment, something that seems to go back to about three years ago, has apparently determined her to stay out of the game!"

Doctor Jones dropped his head on his hands and murmured something that sounded like "Eleanor, Eleanor!" Then he looked up with one of the most radiant smiles I ever saw on a man's face. "I hope I'm not presuming on a very short acquaintance," he said, "but the fact is—why should I not tell you?—Miss Van Coort was the woman in my life!"

I explained to him that Freddy was the woman in mine.

Then you ought to have seen us fraternize!

In twenty minutes I had him almost convinced that Eleanor had loved him all these years. But he worried a lot about a Mr. Wise who had been on the same train, and a certain Colonel Hadow who had also paid Eleanor attention. Jones was a great fellow for wanting to be sure. I pooh-poohed them out of the way and gave him the open track. Then, indeed, the clouds rolled away. He beamed with joy. In his rich gush of friendship he recurred to the subject of my insomnia with a new-born enthusiasm. He subdivided all my symptoms. He dived again into my physical being. He consulted German au-

thorities. I squirmed and lied and resisted all I could, but he said he owed me an eternal debt that could only be liquidated by an absolute cure. He wanted to tie me up and shoot me with an X-ray. He ordered me to wear white socks. He had a long, terrifying look at a drop of my blood. He jerked hairs out of my head to sample my nerve force. He said I was a baffling subject, but that he meant to make me well if it took the last shot in the scientific locker. And he wound up at last by refusing point-blank to be paid a cent!

I waltzed away on air to write an account of the whole affair to Freddy, and dictate a plan of operations. I was justified in feeling proud of myself. Most men would have tamely submitted to their fate instead of chasing up all the Joneses of Jonesville! Freddy sent me an early answer—a gay, happy, overflowing little note—telling me to try and engage Doctor Jones for a three-day house-party at Morristown. I was to telegraph when he could come, and was promised an official invitation from Mrs. Matthewman. (She was the aunt, you know, that they lived with—one of those old porcelain ladies with a lace cap and a rent-roll.) However, I could not do anything for two days, for we had reached a crisis in the labor troubles, and matters were approaching the breaking point. We were threatened with one of those "sympathetic" strikes that drive business men crazy. There was no question at issue between ourselves and our employes; but the thing ramified off somewhere to the sugar vacuum-boiler riveters' union. Finally the S. V. B. R. U. came to a settlement with their bosses, and peace was permitted to descend on Hodge & Westoby's.

I took immediate advantage of it to descend myself on Doctor Jones. He received me with open arms and an insomniacal outburst. He had been reading up; he had

been seeing distinguished confrères; he had been mastering the subject to the last dot, and was panting to begin. I hated to dampen such friendship and ardor by telling him that I had completely recovered. Under the circumstances it seemed brutal—but I did it. The poor fellow tried to argue with me, but I insisted that I now slept like a top. It sounded horribly ungrateful. Here I was spurning the treasures of his mind, and almost insulting him with my disgusting good health. I swerved off to the house-party; Eleanor's delight, and so on; Mrs. Matthewman's pending invitation; the hope that he might have an early date free—

He listened to it all in silence, walking restlessly about the office, his blue eyes shining with a strange light. He took up a bronze paper-weight and gazed at it with an intensity of self-absorption.

"I can't go," he said.

"Oh, but you have to," I exclaimed.

"Mr. Westoby," he resumed, "I was foolish enough to back a friend's credit at a store here. He has skipped to Minnesota, and I am left with three hundred and four dollars and seventy-five cents to pay. To take a three days' holiday would be a serious matter to me at any time, but at this moment it is impossible."

I gave him a good long look. He didn't strike me as a borrowing kind of man. I should probably insult him by volunteering. Was there ever anything so unfortunate?

"I can't go," he repeated with a little choke.

"You may never have another opportunity," I said. "Eleanor is doing a thing I should never have expected from one of her proud and reserved nature. The advances of such a woman—"

He interrupted me with a groan.

"If it wasn't for my mother I'd throw everything to the winds and fly to her," he burst out. "But I have a mother—a sainted mother, Mr. Westoby—her welfare must always be my first consideration!"

"Is there no chance of anything turning up?" I said. "An appendicitis case—an outbreak of measles? I thought there was a lot of scarlatina just now."

He shook his head dejectedly.

"Doctor," I began again, "I am pretty well fixed myself. I'm blessed with an income that runs to five figures. If all goes the way it should we shall be brothers-in-law in six months. We are almost relations. Give me the privilege of taking over this small obligation—"

I never saw a man so overcome. My proposal seemed to tear the poor devil to pieces. When he spoke his voice was trembling.

"You don't know what it means to me to refuse," he said. "My self-respect . . . my—my . . ." And then he positively began to weep!

"You said three hundred and four dollars and seventy-five cents, I believe?"

He waved it from him with a long, lean hand.

"I can not do it," he said; "and, for God's sake, don't ask me to!"

I argued with him for twenty minutes; I laid the question before him in a million lights; I racked him with a picture of Eleanor, so deeply hurt, so mortified, that in her recklessness and despair she would probably throw herself away on the first man that offered! This was his chance, I told him; the one chance of his life; he was letting a piece of idiotic pride wreck the probable happiness of years. He agreed with me with moans and weeps. He had the candor of a child and the torrential sentiment of a German musician. Three hundred and four dollars

and seventy-five cents stood between him and eternal bliss, and yet he waved my pocketbook from him! And all the while I saw myself losing Freddy.

I went away with his "no, no, no!" still ringing in my ears.

At the club I found a note from Freddy. She pressed me to lose no time. Mrs. Matthewman was talking of going to Europe, and of course she and Eleanor would have to accompany her. Eleanor, she said, had ordered two new gowns and had brightened up wonderfully. "Only yesterday she told me she wished that silly doctor would hurry up and come—and that, you know, from Eleanor is almost a declaration!"

Some of my best friends happened to be in the club. It occurred to me that poor Nevill was diabetic, and that Charley Crossman had been boring everybody about his gout. I buttonholed them both, and laid my unfortunate predicament before them. I said I'd pay all the expenses. In fact, the more they could make it cost the better I'd be pleased.

"What," roared Nevill, "put myself in the hands of a young fool so that he may fill his empty pockets with your money! Where do *I* come in? Good heavens, Westoby, you're crazy! Think what would happen to me if it came to Doctor Saltworthy's ears? He'd never have anything more to do with me!"

Charley Crossman was equally rebellious and unreasonable.

"I guess you've never had the gout," he said grimly.

"But Charley, old man," I pleaded, "all that you'd have to do would be to let him *talk* to you. I don't ask you to suffer for it. Just pay—that's all—pay my money!"

"I'm awfully easily talked into things," said Charley. (There was never such a mule on the Produce Ex-

change.) "He'd be saying, 'Take this'—and I'm the kind of blankety-blank fool that would take it!"

Then I did a mean thing. I reminded Crossman of having backed some bills of his—big bills, too—at a time when it was touch and go whether he'd manage to keep his head above water.

"Westoby," he replied, "don't think that time has lessened my sense of that obligation. I'd cut off my right hand to do you a good turn. But for heaven's sake, don't ask me to monkey with my gout!"

The best I could get out of him was the promise of an anemic servant-girl. Nevill generously threw in a groom with varicose veins. Small contributions, but thankfully received.

"Now, what you do," said Nevill, "is to go round right off and interview Bishop Jordan. He has sick people to burn!"

But I said Jones would get on to it if I deluged him with the misery of the slums.

"That's just where the bishop comes in," said Nevill. "There isn't a man more in touch with the saddest kind of poverty in New York—the decent, clean, shrinking poverty that hides away from all the dead-head coffee and doughnuts. If I was in your fix I'd fall over myself to reach Jordan!"

"Yes, you try Jordan," said Charley, who, I'm sure, had never heard of him before.

"Then it's me for Jordan," said I.

I went down stairs and told one of the bell-boys to look up the address in the telephone-book. It seemed to me he looked pale, that boy.

"Aren't you well, Dan?" I said.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, sir. I guess it must be the night work."

I gave him a five-dollar bill and made him write down 1892 Eighth Avenue on a piece of paper.

"You go and see Doctor Jones first thing," I said. "And don't mention my name, nor spend the money on *Her Mad Marriage.*"

I jumped into a hansom with a pleasant sense that I was beginning to make the fur fly.

"That's a horrible cold of yours, Cabby," I said as we stopped at the bishop's door and I handed him up a dollar bill. "That's just the kind of a cold that makes graveyards hum!"

"I can't shake it off, sir," he said despondently. "Try what I can, and it's never no use!"

"There's one doctor in the world who can cure anything," I said; "Doctor Henry Jones, 1892 Eighth Avenue. I was worse than you two weeks ago, and now look at me! Take this five dollars, and for heaven's sake, man, put yourself in his hands quick."

Bishop Jordan was a fine type of modern clergyman. He was broad-shouldered mentally as well as physically, and he brought to philanthropic work the thoroughness, care, enthusiasm and capacity that would have earned him a fortune in business.

"Bishop," I said, "I've come to see if I can't make a trade with you!"

He raised his grizzled eyebrows and gave me a very searching look.

"A trade," he repeated in a holding-back kind of tone, as though wondering what the trap was.

"Here's a check for one thousand dollars drawn to your order," I went on. "And here's the address of Doctor Henry Jones, 1892 Eighth Avenue. I want this money to reach him via your sick people, and that without my name being known or at all suspected."

"May I not ask the meaning of so peculiar a request?"

"He's hard up," I said, "and I want to help him. It occurred to me that I might make you—er—a confederate in my little game, you know."

His eyes twinkled as he slowly folded up my check and put it in his pocket.

"I don't want any economy about it, Bishop," I went on. "I don't want to make the best use of it, or anything of that kind. I want to slap it into Doctor Jones' till, and slap it in quick."

"Would you consider two weeks—?"

"Oh, one, please!"

"It is understood, of course, that this young man is a duly qualified and capable physician, and that in the event of my finding it otherwise I shall be at liberty to direct your check to other uses?"

"Oh, I can answer for his being all right, Bishop. He's thoroughly up-to-date, you know; does the X-ray act; and keeps the pace of modern science."

"You say you can answer for him," said the bishop genially. "Might I inquire who *you* are?"

"I'm named Westoby—Ezra Westoby—managing partner of Hodge & Westoby, boxers."

"I like boxers," said the bishop in the tone of a benediction, rising to dismiss me. "I like one thousand dollar checks, too. When you have any more to spare just give them a fair wind in this direction!"

I went out feeling that the Episcopal Church had risen fifty per cent. in my esteem. Bishops like that would make a success of any denomination. I like to see a fellow who's on to his job.

I gave Jones a week to grapple with the new developments, and then happened along. The anteroom was full, and there was a queue down the street like a line of mu-

sic-loving citizens waiting to hear Patti. Nice, decent-looking people, with money in their hands. (I always like to see a cash business, don't you?) I guess it took me an hour to crowd my way up stairs, and even then I had to buy a man out of the line.

Jones was carrying off the boom more quietly than I cared about. He wore a curt, snappy air. I don't know why, but I felt misgivings as I shook hands with him.

Of course I commented on the rush.

"The Lord only knows what's happened to my practice," he said. "The blamed thing has gone up like a rocket. It seems to me there must be a great wave of sickness passing over New York just now."

"Everybody's complaining," I said.

This reminded him of my insomnia till I cut him short.

"What's the matter with our going down to the Van Coorts' from Saturday to Tuesday," I said. "They haven't given up the hope of seeing you there, Doctor, and the thing's still open."

Then I waited for him to jump with joy.

He didn't jump a bit. He shook his head. He distinctly said "No."

"I told you it was the money side of it that bothered me," he explained. "So it was at the time, for, of course, I couldn't foresee that my practice was going to fill the street and call for policemen to keep order. But, my dear Westoby, after giving the subject a great deal of consideration I have come to the conclusion that it would be too painful for me to revive those—those—unhappy emotions I was just beginning to recover from!"

"I thought you loved her!" I exclaimed.

"That's why I've determined not to go," he said. "I have outlived one refusal. How do I know I have the strength, the determination, the hardihood to undergo the agonies of another?"

It seemed a feeble remark to say that faint heart never won fair lady. I growled it out more like a swear than anything else. I was disgusted with the chump.

"She's the star above me," he said; "and I am crushed by my own presumption. Is there any such fool as the man that breaks his heart twice for the impossible?"

"But it isn't impossible," I cried. "Hasn't she—as far as a woman can—hasn't she called you back to her? What more do you expect her to do? A woman's delicacy forbids her screaming for a man! I think Eleanor has already gone a tremendous way in just hinting—"

"You may be right," he said pathetically; "but then you may also be wrong. The risk is too terrible for me to run. It will comfort me all my life to think that perhaps she does love me in secret!"

"Do you mean to say you're going to give it all up?" I roared.

"You needn't get so warm about it," he returned. "After all, I have some justification in thinking she doesn't care."

"What on earth do you suppose she invited you for, then?"

"Well, it would be different," he said, "if I had a note from her—a flower—some little tender reminder of those dear old dead days in the Pullman!"

"She's saving up all that for Morristown," I said.

For the first time in our acquaintance Doctor Jones looked at me with suspicion. His blue eyes clouded. He was growing a little restive under my handling.

"You seem to make the matter a very personal one," he observed.

"Well, I love Freddy," I explained. "It naturally brings your own case very close to me. And then I am so positive that you love Eleanor and that Eleanor loves you.

Put yourself in my place, Doctor! Do you mean that you'd do nothing to bring two such noble hearts together?"

He seized my hand and wrung it effusively. He really *did* love Eleanor, you know. The only fault with him was his being so darned humble about it. He was eaten up with a sense of his own inferiority. And yet I could see he was just tingling to go to Morristown. Of course, I crowded him all I could, but the best I could accomplish was his promise to "think it over." I hated to leave him wabbling, but patients were scuffling at the door and fighting on the stairs.

The next thing I did was to get Freddy on the long-distance 'phone.

"Freddy," I said, after explaining the situation, "you must get Eleanor to telegraph to him direct!"

"What's the good of asking what she won't do?" bubbled the sweet little voice.

"Can't you persuade her?"

"I know she won't do it!"

"Then you must forge it," I said desperately. "It needn't be anything red-hot, you know. But something tender and sincere: 'Shall be awfully disappointed if you don't come,' or, 'There was a time when you would not have failed me!' "

"It's impossible."

"Then he won't budge a single inch!" I replied.

"Ezra?"

"Darling!"

"Suppose I just signed the telegram Van Coort?"

"The very thing!"

"If he misunderstood it—I mean if he thought it really came from Eleanor—there couldn't be any fuss about it afterward, could there?"

"And, of course, you'll send the official invitation from Mrs. Matthewman besides?"

"For Saturday?"

"Yes, Saturday!"

"And *you'll* come?"

"Just watch me!"

"Ezra, are you happy?"

"That depends on Jones."

"Oh, isn't it exciting?"

"I have the ring in my pocket—"

"But touch wood, won't you?"

"Freddy?"

"Yes—"

"What's the matter with getting some forget-me-nots and mailing them to Jones in an envelope?"

"All right, I'll attend to it. Eighteen ninety-two Eighth Avenue, isn't it?"

"Be sure it *is* forget-me-nots, you know. Don't mix up the language of flowers, and send him one that says: 'I'm off with a handsomer man,' or, 'You needn't come round any more!'"

"Oh, Ezra, Eleanor is really getting quite worked up!"

"So am I!"

"Wouldn't it be perfectly splendid if— Switch off quick, here's aunt coming!"

"Mayn't I even say I love you?"

"I daren't say it back, Ezra—she's calling."

"But *do* you?"

"Yes, unfortunately—"

"Why unfortun—?"

Buzz-buzz-swizzleum-bux-bux!—Aunt had cut us off. However, short as my talk with Freddy had been, it brightened my whole day.

Late the same afternoon I went back to Doctor Jones.

I was prepared to find him uplifted, but I hadn't counted on his being maudlin. The fellow was drunk, positively drunk—with happiness. His tongue ran on like a mill-stream. I had to sit down and have the whole Pullman-car episode inflicted on me a second time. I was shown the receipt-slip. I was shown the telegram from Eleanor. I was shown with a whoop the forget-me-nots! Then he was going on Saturday? I asked. He said he guessed it would take an earthquake to keep him away, and a pretty big earthquake, too! . . . Oh, it was a great moment, and all the greater because I was tremendously worked up, too. I saw Freddy floating before me, my sweet, girl-ish, darling Freddy, holding out her arms . . . while Jones gassed and gassed and gassed. . . .

I left him taking phenacetin for his headache.

III

The house-party had grown a little larger than was originally intended. On Saturday night we sat down twelve to dinner. Doctor Jones and I shared a room together, and I must say whatever misgivings I might have had about him wore away very quickly on closer acquaintance. In the first place he looked well in evening dress, carrying himself with a sort of shy, kind air that became him immensely. At table he developed the greatest of conversational gifts—that of the appreciative and intelligent listener. I heard one of the guests asking Eleanor who was that charming young man. Freddy and I hugged each other (I mean metaphorically, of course) and gloried in his success. In the presence of an admirer (such is the mystery of women) Eleanor instantly got fifteen points better looking, and you wouldn't have known her for the same girl. Freddy thought it

was the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gown she wore, but I could see it was deeper than that. She was thawing in the sunshine of love, and I'll do Doctor Jones the justice to say that he didn't hide his affection under a bushel. It was generous enough for everybody to bask in, and in his pell-mell ardor he took us all to his bosom. The women loved him for it, and entered into a tacit conspiracy to gain him the right-of-way to wherever Eleanor was to be found. In fact, he followed her about like a dog, and she could scarcely move without stepping on him.

Sunday was even better. One of the housemaids drank some wood-alcohol by mistake for vichy water, and the resulting uproar redounded to Jones' coolness, skill and despatch. He dominated the situation and—well, I won't describe it, this not being a medical work, and the reader probably being a good guesser. Mrs. Matthewman remarked significantly that it must be nice to be the wife of a medical man—one would always have the safe feeling of a doctor at hand in case anything happened at night! Eleanor said it was a beautiful profession that had for its object the alleviation of human pain. Freddy jealously tried to get in a good word for boxers, but nobody would listen to her except me. It was all Jones, Jones, Jones, and the triumphs of modern medicine. Altogether he sailed through that whole day with flying colors, first with the housemaid, and then afterward at church, where he was the only one that knew what Sunday after Epiphany it was. He made it plainer than ever that he was a model young man and a pattern. Mrs. Matthewman compared him to her departed husband, and talked about old-fashioned courtesy and the splendid men of her youth. Everybody fell over everybody else to praise him. It was a regular Jones boom. People

began to write down his address, and ask him if he'd be free Thursday, or what about Friday, and started to book seats in advance.

That evening, as I was washing my hands before dinner and cheerfully whistling *Hiawatha,* I became conscious that Jones was lolling back on a sofa at the dark end of the room. What particularly arrested my attention was a groan—preceded by a pack of heartrending sighs. It worried me—when everything seemed to be going so well. He had every right to be whistling *Hiawatha,* too.

"What's the matter, Jones?" said I.

He keeled over on the sofa, and groaned louder than ever.

"It isn't possible—that she's refused you?" I exclaimed. He muttered something about his mother.

"Well, what about your mother?" I said.

"Westoby," he returned, "I guess I was the worst kind of fool ever to put my foot into this house."

That was nice news, wasn't it? Just as I was settling in my head to buy that Seventy-second Street place, and alter the basement into a garage!

"You see, old man, my mother would never consent to my marrying Eleanor. I'm in the position of having to choose between her and the woman I love. And I owe so much to my mother, Westoby. She stinted herself for years to get me through college; she hardly had enough to eat; she . . . " Then he groaned a lot more.

"I can't think that your mother—a mother like yours, Jones—would consent to stand between you and your lifelong happiness. It's morbid—that's what I call it—morbid, just to dream of such a thing."

"There's Bertha," he quavered.

"Great Scott, and who's Bertha?"

"The girl my mother chose for me two years ago—Bertha McNutt, you know. She'd really prefer me not to marry at all, but if I must—it's Bertha, Westoby—Bertha or nothing!"

"It's too late to say that now, old fellow."

"It's not too late for me to go home this very night."

"Well, Jones," I broke out, "I can't think you'd do such a caddish thing as that. Think it over for a minute. You come down here; you sweep that unfortunate girl off her feet; you make love to her with the fury of a stage villain; you force her to betray her very evident partiality for you—and then you have the effrontery to say: 'Good-by. I'm off.'"

"My mother—" he began.

"You simply can not act so dishonorably, Jones."

He sat silent for a little while.

"My mother—" he started in again finally.

"Surely your mother loves you?" I demanded.

"That's the terrible part of it, Westoby, she—"

"Pooh!"

"She stinted herself to get me through col—"

"Then why did you ever come here?"

"That's just the question I'm asking myself now."

"I don't see that you have any right to assume all that about your mother, anyway. Eleanor Van Coort is a woman of a thousand—unimpeachable social position—a little fortune of her own—accomplished, handsome, charming, sought after—why, if you managed to win such a girl as that your mother would walk on air."

"No, she wouldn't. Bertha—"

"You're a pretty cheap lover," I said. "I don't set up to be a little tin hero, but I'd go through fire and water for *my* girl. Good heavens, love is love, and all the mothers—"

He let out a few more groans.

"Then, see here, Jones," I went on, "you owe some courtesy to our hostess. If you went away to-night it would be an insult. Whatever you decide to do later, you've simply got to stay here till Tuesday morning!"

"Must I?" he said, in the tone of a person who is ordered not to leave the sinking ship.

"A gentleman has to," I said.

He quavered out a sort of acquiescence, and then asked me for the loan of a white tie. I should have loved to give him a bowstring instead, with somebody who knew how to operate it. He was a fluff, that fellow—a tarnation fluff!

IV

It was a pretty glum evening all round. Most of them thought that Jones had got the chilly mitt. Eleanor looked pale and undecided, not knowing what to make of Jones' death's-head face. She was resentful and pitying in turns, and I saw all the material lying around for a first-class conflagration. Freddy was a bit down on me, too, saying that a smoother method would have ironed out Jones, and that I had been headlong and silly. She cried over it, and wouldn't kiss me in the dark; and I was goaded into saying—well, the course of true love ran in bumps that night. There was only one redeeming circumstance, and that was my managing to keep Jones and Eleanor apart. I mean that I insisted on being number three till at last poor Eleanor said she had a headache, and forlornly went up to bed.

Jones was still asleep when I got up the next morning at six and dressed myself quietly so as not to awake him. It was now Monday, and you can see for yourself there was no time to spare. I gave the butler a dollar, and or-

dered him to say that unexpected business had called me away without warning, but that I should be back by luncheon. I rather overdid the earliness of it all. At least, I hove off 1892 Eighth Avenue at eight-fifteen A. M. I loitered about; looked at pawnshop windows; gave a careful examination to a forty-eight-dollar-ninety-eight-cent complete outfit for a four-room flat; had a chat with a policeman; assisted at a runaway; advanced a nickel to a colored gentleman in distress; had my shoes shined by another; helped a child catch an escaped parrot—and still it wasn't nine! Idleness is a grinding occupation, especially on Eighth Avenue in the morning.

Mrs. Jones was a thin, straight-backed, brisk old lady, with a keen tongue, and a Yankee faculty for coming to the point. I besought her indulgence, and laid the whole Eleanor matter before her—at least, as much of it as seemed wise. I appeared in the rôle of her son's warmest admirer and best friend.

"Surely you won't let Harry ruin his life from a mistaken sense of his duty to you?"

"Duty, fiddlesticks!" said she. "He's going to marry Bertha McNutt!"

"But he doesn't want to marry Bertha McNutt!"

"Then he needn't marry anybody."

She seemed to think this a triumphant answer. Indeed, in some ways I must confess it was. But still I persevered.

"It puts me out to have him shilly-shallying around like this," she said. "I'll give him a good talking to when he gets back. This other arrangement has been understood between Mrs. McNutt and myself for years."

She was an irritating person. I found it not a little difficult to keep my temper with her. It's easier to fight dragons than to temporize with them and appeal to their

better nature. I appealed and appealed. She watched me with the same air of interested detachment that one gives to a squirrel revolving in a cage. I could feel that she was flattered; her sense of power was agreeably tickled; my earnestness and despair enhanced the zest of her reiterated refusals. I was a very nice young man, but her son was going to marry Bertha McNutt or marry nobody!

Then I tried to draw a lurid picture of his revolt from her apron-strings.

"Oh, Harry's a good boy," she said. "You can't make me believe that two days has altered his whole character. I'll answer for his doing what I want."

I felt a precisely similar conviction, and my heart sank into my shoes.

At this moment there was a tap at the door, and another old lady bounced in. She was stout, jolly-looking and effusive. The greetings between the pair were warm, and they were evidently old friends. But underneath the new-comer's gush and noise I was dimly conscious of a sort of gay hostility. She was exultant and frightened, both at once, and her eyes were sparkling.

"Well, what do you think?" she cried out explosively.

Mrs. Jones' lips tightened. There was a mean streak in that old woman. I could see she was feeling for her little hatchet, and was getting out her little gun.

"Bertha!" exploded the old lady. "Bertha—"

(Mysterious mental processes at once informed me that this was none other than Bertha's mother.)

Mrs. Jones was coolly taking aim. I was reminded of that old military dictum: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!"

"Bertha," vociferated the old lady fiercely—"Bertha has been secretly married to Mr. Stuffenhammer for the last three months!"

Another series of kinematographic mental processes informed me that Mr. Stuffenhammer was an immense catch.

"Twenty thousand dollars a year, and her own carriage," continued Mrs. McNutt gloatingly. "You could have knocked me down with a feather. Bertha is such a considerate child; she insisted on marrying secretly so that she could tone it down by degrees to poor Harry; though there was no engagement or anything like that, she could not help feeling, of course, that she owed it to the dear boy to gradually—"

Mrs. Jones never turned a hair or moved a muscle.

"You needn't pity Harry," she said. "I've just got the good news that he's engaged to one of the sweetest and richest girls in Morristown."

I jumped for my hat and ran.

V

You never saw anybody so electrified as Jones. For a good minute he couldn't even speak. It was like bringing a horseback reprieve to the hero on the stage. He repeated "Stuffenhammer, Stuffenhammer," in tones that Henry Irving might have envied, while I gently undid the noose around his neck. I led him under a tree and told him to buck up. He did so—slowly and surely—and then began to ask me agitated questions about proposing. He deferred to me as though I had spent my whole life Bluebearding through the social system. He wanted to be coached how to do it, you know. I told him to rip out the words—any old words—and then kiss her.

"Don't let there be any embarrassing pause," I said. "A girl hates pauses."

"It seems a great liberty," he returned. "It doesn't strike me as r-r-respectful."

"You try it," I said. "It's the only way."

"I'll be glad when it's over," he remarked dreamily.

"Whatever you do, keep clear of set speeches," I went on. "Blurt it out, no matter how badly—but with all the fire and ginger in you."

He gazed at me like a dead calf.

"Here goes," he said, and started on a trembling walk toward the house.

I don't know whether he was afraid, or didn't get the chance, or what it was; but at any rate the afternoon wore on without the least sign of his coming to time. I kept tab on him as well as I could—checkers with Miss Drayton—half an hour writing letters—a long talk with the major—and finally his getting lost altogether in the shrubbery with an old lady. Freddy said the suspense was killing her, and was terribly despondent and miserable. I couldn't interest her in the Seventy-second Street house at all. She asked what was the good of working and worrying, and figuring and making lists—when in all probability it would be another girl that would live there. She had an awfully mean opinion of my constancy, and was intolerably philosophical and Oh-I-wouldn't-blame-you-the-least-little-bit-if-you-did-go-off-and-marry-somebody-else! She took a pathetic pleasure in loving me, losing me, and then weeping over the dear dead memory. She said nobody ever got what they wanted, anyway; and might she come, when she was old and ugly and faded and weary, to take care of my children and be a sort of dear old aunty in the Seventy-second Street house. I said certainly not, and we had a fight right away.

As we were dressing for dinner that night I took Jones

to task, and tried to stiffen him up. I guess I must have mismanaged it somehow, for he said he'd thank me to keep my paws out of his affairs, and then went into the bath-room, where he shaved and growled for ten whole minutes. I itched to throw a bootjack at him, but compromised on doing a little growling myself. Afterward we got into our clothes in silence, and as he went out first he slammed the door.

It was a disheartening evening. We played progressive euchre for a silly prize, and we all got shuffled up wrong and had to stay so. Then the major did amateur conjuring till we nearly died. I was thankful to sneak out-of-doors and smoke a cigar under the starlight. I walked up and down, consigning Jones to—well, where I thought he belonged. I thought of the time I had wasted over the fellow—the good money—the hopes—I was savage with disappointment, and when I heard Freddy softly calling me from the veranda I zigzagged away through the trees toward the lodge gate. There are moments when a man is better left alone. Besides, I was in one of those self-tormenting humors when it is a positive pleasure to pile on the agony. When you're eighty-eight per cent. miserable it's hell not to reach par. I was sore all over, and I wanted the balm—the consolation—to be found in the company of those cold old stars, who had looked down in their time on such countless generations of human asses. It gave me a wonderful sense of fellowship with the past and future.

I was reflecting on what an infinitesimal speck I was in the general scheme of things, when I heard the footfall of another human speck, stumbling through the dark and carrying a dress-suit case. It was Jones himself, outward bound, and doing five knots an hour. I was after him in a second, doing six.

"Jones!" I cried.

He never even turned round.

I grabbed him by the arm. He wasn't going to walk away from me like that.

"Where are you going?" I demanded.

"Home!"

"But say, stop; you can't do that. It's too darned rude. We don't break up till to-morrow."

"I'm breaking up now," he said.

"But—"

"Let go my arm—!"

"Oh, but, my dear chap—" I began.

"Don't you dear chap me!"

We strode on in silence. Even his back looked sullen, and his face under the gaslights—

"Westoby," he broke out suddenly, "if there's one thing I'm sensitive about it is my name. Slap me in the face, turn the hose on me, rip the coat off my back—and you'd be astounded by my mildness. But when it comes to my name I—I'm a tiger!"

"A tiger," I repeated encouragingly.

"It all went swimmingly," he continued in a tone of angry confidence. "For five seconds I was the happiest man in the United States. I—I did everything you said, you know, and I was dumfounded at my own success. S-s-she loves me, Westoby."

I gazed inquiringly at the dress-suit case.

"We don't belong to any common Joneses. We're Connecticut Joneses. In fact, we're the only Joneses—and the name is as dear to me, as sacred, as I suppose that of Westoby is, perhaps, to you. And yet—and yet—do you know what she actually said to me? Said to me, holding my hand, and, and—that the only thing she didn't like about me was my *name*."

I contrived to get out, "Good heavens!" with the proper astonishment.

"I told her that Van Coort didn't strike me as being anything very extra."

"Wouldn't it have been wiser to—?"

"Oh, for myself, I'd do anything in the world for her. But a fellow has to show a little decent pride. A fellow owes something to his family, doesn't he? As a man I love the ground she walks on; as a Jones—well, if she feels like that about it—I told her she had better wait for a De Montmorency."

"But she didn't say she wouldn't marry you, did she?"

"N-o-o-o!"

"She didn't ask you to *change* your name, did she?"

"N-o-o-o!"

"And do you mean to say that just for one unfortunate remark—a remark that any one might have made in the agitation of the moment—you're deliberately turning your back on her, and her broken heart!"

"Oh, she's red-hot, too, you know, over what I said about the Van Coorts."

"She couldn't have realized that you belonged to the Connecticut Joneses. *I* didn't know it. *I*—"

"Well, it's all off now," he said.

It was a mile to the depot. For Jones it was a mile of reproaches, scoldings, lectures and insults. For myself I shall ever remember it as the mile of my life. I pleaded, argued, extenuated and explained. My lifelong happiness—Freddy—the Seventy-second Street house—were walking away from me in the dark while I jerked unavailingly at Jones' coat-tails. The whole outfit disappeared into a car, leaving me on the platform with the ashes of my hopes. Of all obstinate, mulish, pig-headed, copper-riveted—

I was lucky enough to find Eleanor crying softly to herself in a corner of the veranda. The sight of her tears revived my fainting courage. I thought of Bruce and the spider, and waded in.

"Eleanor," I said, "I've just been seeing poor Jones off."

She sobbed out something to the effect that she didn't care.

"No, you can't care very much," I said, "or you wouldn't send a man like that—a splendid fellow—a member of one of the oldest and proudest families of Connecticut—to his death."

"Death?"

"Well, he's off for Japan to-morrow. They're getting through fifty doctors a week out there at the front. They're shot down faster than they can set them up."

I was unprepared for the effect of this on Eleanor. For two cents she would have fainted then and there. It's awful to hear a woman moan, and clench her teeth, and pant for breath.

"Oh, Eleanor, can't you do anything?"

"I am helpless, Ezra. My pride—my woman's pride—"

"Oh, how can you let such trifles stand between you? Think of him out there, in his tattered Japanese uniform—so far from home, so lonely, so heartbroken—standing undaunted in that rain of steel, while—"

"Oh, Ezra, stop! I can't bear it! I can't bear it!"

"Is the love of three years to be thrown aside like an old glove, just because—"

Her face was so wild and strained that the lies froze upon my tongue.

"Oh, Ezra, I could follow him barefooted through the snow if only he—"

"He's leaving Grand Central to-morrow at ten forty-five," I said.

She fumbled at her neck, and almost tore away the diamond locket that reposed there.

"Take him this," she whispered hoarsely. "Take it to him at once, and say I sent it. Say that I beg him to return—that my pride crumbles at the thought of his going away so far into danger."

I put the locket carefully into my pocket.

"And, Eleanor, try and don't rub him the wrong way about his name. Is it worth while? There have to be Joneses, you know."

"Tell him," she burst out, "tell him—oh, I never meant to wound him—truly, I didn't . . . a name that's good enough for him is good enough for me!"

The next morning at nine I pulled up my Porcher-Mufflin car before Jones' door. He was sitting at his table reading a book, and he made no motion to rise as I came in. He gave me a pale, expressionless stare instead, such as an ancient Christian might have worn when the call-boy told him the lions were ready in the Colosseum. Resignation, obstinacy and defiance—all nicely blended under a turn-the-other-cheek exterior. He looked woebegone, and his thin, handsome face betrayed a sleepless night and a breakfastless morning. I could feel that my presence was the last straw to this unfortunate medical camel.

I threw in a genial remark about the weather, and took a seat.

Jones hunched himself together, and squirmed a sad little squirm.

"Mr. Westoby," he said, "I once made use of a very strong expression in regard to you. I said, if you remember, that I'd be obliged if you'd keep your paws—"

"Don't apologize," I interrupted. "I forgot it long ago."

"You've taken me up wrong," he continued drearily. "I should like you to consider the remark repeated now. Yes, sir, repeated."

"Oh, bosh!" I exclaimed.

"You have a very tough epidermis," he went on. "Quite the toughest epidermis I have met with in my whole professional career. A paper adequately treating your epidermis would make a sensation before any medical society."

Somehow I couldn't feel properly insulted. The whole business struck me as irresistibly comical. I lay back in my chair—my uninvited chair—and roared with laughter.

I couldn't forbear asking him what treatment he'd recommend.

He pointed to the door, and said laconically: "Fresh air."

I retorted by laying the diamond locket before him.

"My dear fellow," I said, as he gazed at it transfixed, "don't let us go on like a pair of fools. Eleanor charged me to give you this, and beg you to return."

I don't believe he heard me at all. That flashing trinket was far more eloquent than any words of mine. He laid his head in his hands beside it, and his whole body trembled with emotion. He trembled and trembled, till finally I got tired of waiting. I poked him in the back, and reminded him that my car was waiting down stairs. He rose with a strange, bewildered air, and submitted like a child to be led into the street. He had the locket clenched in his hand, and every now and then he would glance at it as though unable to believe his eyes. I shut him into the tonneau, and took a seat beside my chauffeur.

"Let her out, James," I said.

James let her out with a vengeance. There was a sunny-haired housemaid at the Van Coorts' . . . and it was a crack, new, four-cylinder car with a direct drive on the top speed. Off we went like the wind, jouncing poor Jones around the tonneau like a pea in a pill-box. But he didn't care. Was he not seraphically whizzing through space, obeying the diamond telegram of love? In the gentle whizzle and bang of the whole performance he even ventured to raise his voice in song, and I could overhear him behind me, adding a lyrical finish to the hum of the machinery. It was a walloping run, and we only throttled down on the outskirts of Morristown. You see I had to coach him about that Japanese war business, or else there might be trouble! So I leaned over the back seat and gently broke it to him. I thought I had managed it rather well. I felt sure he could understand, I said, the absolute need of a little—embellishing and—

"Let me out," he said.

I feverishly went on explaining.

"If you don't let me out I'll climb out," he said, and began to make as good as his word over the tonneau.

Of course, there was nothing for it but to stop the car.

Jones deliberately descended and headed for New York.

I ran after him, while the chauffeur turned the car round and slowly followed us both. It was a queer procession. First Jones, then I, then the car.

Finally I overtook him.

"Jones," I panted. "Jones."

He muttered something about Ananias, and speeded up.

"But it was an awfully tight place," I pleaded. "Something had to be done; you must make allowances; it was

the first thing that came into my head—and you must admit that it worked, Jones. Didn't she send you the locket? Didn't she—?"

"What a prancing, show-off, matinée fool you've made me look!" he burst out. "I have an old mother to support. I have an increasing practice. I have already attracted some little attention in my chosen field—eye, ear and throat. A nice figure I'd cut, traipsing around the battle-fields in a kimono, and looking for a kindly bullet to lay me low. If I were ever tempted by such a thing—which God forbid—wouldn't I prefer to spread bacilli on buttered toast?"

"I never thought of that," I said humbly.

"I have known retail liars," he went on. "But I guess you are the only wholesaler in the business. When other people are content with ones and twos, you get them out in grosses, packed for export!"

He went on slamming me like this for miles. Anybody else would have given him up as hopeless. I don't want to praise myself, but if I have one good quality it's staying power. I pleaded and argued, and expostulated and explained, with the determination of a man whose back is to the wall. I wasn't going to lose Freddy so long as there was breath in my body. However, it wasn't the least good in the world. Jones was as impervious as sole-leather, and as unshaken as a marble pillar.

Then I played my last card.

I told him the truth! Not the *whole* truth, of course, but within ten per cent. of it. About Freddy, you know, and how she was determined not to marry before her elder sister, and how Eleanor's only preference seemed to be for him, and how with such a slender clue to work on I had engineered everything up to this point.

"If I have seemed to you intolerably prying and of-

ficious," I said, "well, at any rate, Jones, there's my excuse. It rests with you to give me Freddy or take her from me. Turn back, and you'll make me the happiest man alive; go forward, and—and—"

I watched him out of the corner of my eye.

His tread lost some of its elasticity. He was short-circuiting inside. Positively he began to look sort of sympathetic and human.

"Westoby," he said at last, in a voice almost of awe, "when they get up another world's fair you must have a building to yourself. You're colossal, that's what you are!"

"I'm only in love," I said.

"Well, that's the love that moves mountains," he said. "If anybody had told me that I should . . ." He stopped irresolutely on the word.

"Oh, to think I have to stand for all that rot!" he bleated.

I was too wise to say a word. I simply motioned James to switch the car around and back up. I shooed Jones into the tonneau and turned the knob on him. He snuggled back in the cushions, and smiled—yes smiled—with a beautiful, blue-eyed, far-away, indulgent expression that warmed me like spring sunshine. Not that I felt absolutely safe even yet—of course I couldn't—but still—

We ran into Freddy and Eleanor at the lodge gates. I had already telephoned the former to expect us, so as to have everything fall out naturally when the time came. We stopped the car, and descended—Jones and I—and he walked straight off with Eleanor, while I side-stepped with Freddy.

She and I were almost too excited to talk. It was now or never, you know, and there was an awfully solemn look about both their backs that was either reassuring or

alarming—we couldn't decide quite which. Freddy and I simply held our breath and waited.

Finally, after an age, Jones and Eleanor turned, still close in talk, still solemn and enigmatical, and drew toward us very slowly and deliberately. When they had got quite close, and the tension was at the breaking point, Eleanor suddenly made a little rush, and, with a loud sob, threw her arms round Freddy's neck.

Jones fidgeted nervously about, and seemed to quail under my questioning eyes. It was impossible to tell whether things had gone right or not. I waited for him to speak . . . I saw words forming themselves hesitatingly on his lips . . . he bent toward me quite confidentially . . .

"Say, old man," he whispered, "is there any place around here where a fellow can buy an engagement ring?"

THE BEAR STORY

THAT ALEX "IST MAKED UP HIS-OWN-SE'F"

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

W'y, wunst they wuz a Little Boy went out
In the woods to shoot a Bear. So, he went out
'Way in the grea'-big woods—he did.—An' he
Wuz goin' along—an' goin' along, you know,
An' purty soon he heerd somepin' go *"Wooh!"*—
Ist thataway—*"Woo-ooh!"* An' he wuz *skeered,*
He wuz. An' so he runned an' clumbed a tree—
A grea'-big tree, he did,—a sicka-*more* tree.
An' nen he heerd it ag'in: an' he looked round,
An' *'t'uz a Bear!—a grea'-big shore-nuff Bear!*—
No: 't'uz *two* Bears, it wuz—two grea'-big Bears—
One of 'em wuz—ist *one's* a *grea'-big* Bear.—
But they ist *boff* went *"Wooh!"*—An' here *they* come
To climb the tree an' git the Little Boy
An' eat him up!

An' nen the Little Boy
He 'uz skeered worse'n ever! An' here come
The grea'-big Bear a-climbin' th' tree to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up—Oh, *no!*—
It 'uzn't the *Big* Bear 'at clumb the tree—
It 'uz the *Little* Bear. So here *he* come
Climbin' the tree—an' climbin' the tree! Nen when
He git wite *clos't* to the Little Boy, w'y nen

The Little Boy he ist pulled up his gun
An' *shot* the Bear, he did, an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Bear he falled clean on down out
The tree—away clean to the ground, he did—
Spling-splung! he falled *plum* down, an' killed him, too!
An' lit wite side o' where the *Big* Bear's at.

An' nen the Big Bear's awful mad, you bet!—
'Cause—'cause the Little Boy he shot his gun
An' killed the *Little* Bear.—'Cause the *Big* Bear
He—he 'uz the Little Bear's Papa.—An' so here
He come to climb the big old tree an' git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' when
The Little Boy he saw the *grea'-big Bear*
A-comin', he 'uz badder skeered, he wuz,
Than *any* time! An' so he think he'll climb
Up *higher*—'way up higher in the tree
Than the old *Bear* kin climb, you know.—But he—
He *can't* climb higher 'an old *Bears* kin climb,—
'Cause Bears kin climb up higher in the trees
Than any little Boys in all the Wo-r-r-ld!

An' so here come the grea'-big Bear, he did,—
A-climbin' up—an' up the tree, to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' so
The Little Boy he clumbed on higher, an' higher,
An' higher up the tree—an' higher—an' higher—
An' higher'n iss-here *house* is!—An' here come
Th' old Bear—clos'ter to him all the time!—
An' nen—first thing you know,—when th' old Big Bear
Wuz wite clos't to him—nen the Little Boy
Ist jabbed his gun wite in the old Bear's mouf
An' shot an' killed him dead!—No; I *fergot,*—
He didn't shoot the grea'-big Bear at all—

'Cause *they 'uz no load in the gun,* you know—
'Cause when he shot the *Little* Bear, w'y, nen
No load 'uz any more nen *in* the gun!

But th' Little Boy clumbed *higher* up, he did—
He clumbed *lots* higher—an' on up *higher*—an' higher
An' *higher*—tel he ist *can't* climb no higher,
'Cause nen the limbs 'uz all so little, 'way
Up in the teeny-weeny tip-top of
The tree, they'd break down wiv him ef he don't
Be keerful! So he stop an' think: An' nen
He look around—An' here come th' old Bear!

An' so the Little Boy make up his mind
He's got to ist git out o' there *some* way!—
'Cause here come the old Bear!—so clos't, his bref's
Purt 'nigh so's he kin feel how hot it is
Ag'inst his bare feet—ist like old "Ring's" bref
When he's ben out a-huntin' an's all tired.
So when th' old Bear's so clos't—the Little Boy
Ist gives a grea'-big jump fer *'nother* tree—
No!—no he don't do that!—I tell you what
The Little Boy does:—W'y, nen—w'y, he—Oh, *yes*—
The Little Boy *he finds a hole up there*
'At's in the tree—an' climbs in there an' *hides*—
An' *nen* th' old Bear can't find the Little Boy
At all!—But, purty soon th' old Bear finds
The Little Boy's *gun* 'at's up there—'cause the *gun*
It's too *tall* to tooked wiv him in the hole.
So, when the old Bear find' the *gun,* he knows
The Little Boy's ist *hid* 'round *somers* there,—
An' th' old Bear 'gins to snuff an' sniff around,
An' sniff an' snuff around—so's he kin find
Out where the Little Boy's hid at.—An' nen—nen—

Oh, *yes!*—W'y, purty soon the old Bear climbs
'Way out on a big limb—a grea'-long limb,—
An' nen the Little Boy climbs out the hole
An' takes his ax an' chops the limb off! . . . Nen
The old Bear falls *k-splunge!* clean to the ground
An' bust an' kill hisse'f plum dead, he did!

An' nen the Little Boy he git his gun
An' 'menced a-climbin' down the tree ag'in—
No!—no, he *didn't* git his *gun*—'cause when
The *Bear* falled, nen the *gun* falled, too—An' broked
It all to pieces, too!—An' *nicest* gun!—
His Pa ist buyed it!—An' the Little Boy
Ist cried, he did; an' went on climbin' down
The tree—an' climbin' down—an' climbin' down!—
An'-sir! when he 'uz purt'-nigh down,—w'y, nen
The old Bear he jumped up ag'in!—an' he
Ain't dead at all—ist *'tendin'* thataway,
So he kin git the Little Boy an' eat
Him up! But the Little Boy he 'uz too smart
To climb clean *down* the tree.—An' the old Bear
He can't climb *up* the tree no more—'cause when
He fell, he broke one of his—he broke *all*
His legs!—an' nen he *couldn't* climb! But he
Ist won't go 'way an' let the Little Boy
Come down out of the tree. An' the old Bear
Ist growls 'round there, he does—ist growls an' goes
"Wooh!—woo-ooh!" all the time! An' Little Boy
He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—
An' 'thout no *supper* neether!—On'y they
Wuz *apples* on the tree!—An' Little Boy
Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!
Nen when 't'uz morning th' old Bear went *"Wooh!"*
Ag'in, an' try to climb up in the tree

An' git the Little Boy.—But he *can't*
Climb t'save his *soul,* he can't!—An' *oh!* he's *mad!*—
He ist tear up the ground! an' go *"Woo-ooh!"*
An'—*Oh, yes!*—purty soon, when morning's come
All *light*—so's you kin *see,* you know,—w'y, nen
The old Bear finds the Little Boy's *gun,* you know,
'At's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at all—
I ist *said* that!) An' so the old Bear think
He'll take the gun an' *shoot* the Little Boy:—
But *Bears they* don't know much 'bout shootin' guns:
So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,
The old Bear got the *other* end the gun
Ag'in' his shoulder, 'stid o' *th'other* end—
So when he try to shoot the Little Boy,
It shot *the Bear,* it did—an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree
An' chopped his old woolly head off:—Yes, an' killed
The *other* Bear ag'in, he did—an' killed
All *both* the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home
An' *cooked* 'em, too, an' *et* 'em!
—An' that's all.

COLONEL CARTER'S STORY OF THE POST-MASTER

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

"Take, for instance, the town of Caartersville: look at that peaceful village which for mo' than a hundred years has enjoyed the privileges of free government; and not only Caartersville, but all our section of the State."

"Well, what's the matter with Cartersville?" asked Fitz, lighting his cigar.

"Mattah, suh! Just look at the degradation it fell into hardly ten years ago. A Yankee jedge jurisdiction our laws, a Yankee sheriff enfo'cin' 'em, and a Yankee postmaster distributin' letters and sellin' postage stamps."

"But they were elected all right, Colonel, and represented the will of the people."

"What people? Yo' people, not mine. No, my dear Fitz; the Administration succeeding the war treated us shamefully, and will go down to postehity as infamous."

The colonel here left his chair and began pacing the floor, his indignation rising at every step.

"To give you an idea, suh," he continued, "of what we Southern people suffe'd immediately after the fall of the Confederacy, let me state a case that came under my own observation.

"Coloner Temple Talcott of F'okeer County, Virginia, came into Talcottville one mornin', suh,—a town settled by his ancestors,—ridin' upon his horse—or rather a mule belongin' to his overseer. Colonel Talcott, suh, belonged

to one of the vehy fust families in Virginia. He was a son of Jedge Thaxton Talcott, and grandson of General Snowden Stafford Talcott of the Revolutionary War. Now, suh, let me tell you right here that the Talcott blood is as blue as the sky, and that every gentleman bearin' the name is known all over the county as a man whose honor is dearer to him than his life, and whose word is as good as his bond. Well, suh, on this mornin' Colonel Talcott left his plantation in charge of his overseer,—he was workin' it on shares,—and rode through his estate to his ancestral town, some five miles distant. It is true, suh, these estates were no longer in his name, but that had no bearin' on the events that followed; he ought to have owned them, and would have done so but for some vehy ungentlemanly fo'closure proceedin's which occurred immediately after the war.

"On arriving at Talcottville the colonel dismounted, handed the reins to his servant,—or perhaps one of the niggers around de do'—and entered the post-office. Now, suh, let me tell you that one month befo', the Government, contrary to the express wishes of a great many of our leadin' citizens, had sent a Yankee postmaster to Talcottville to administer the postal affairs of the town. No sooner had this man taken possession than he began to be exclusive, suh, and to put on airs. The vehy fust air he put on was to build a fence in his office and compel our people to transact their business through a hole. This in itself was vehy gallin', suh, for up to that time the mail had always been dumped out on the table in the stage office and every gentleman had he'ped himself. The next thing was the closin' of his mail bags at a' hour fixed by himself. This became a great inconvenience to our citizens, who were often late in finishin' their correspondence, and who had always found our former post-

master willin' either to hold the bag over until the next day, or to send it across to Drummondtown by a boy to catch a later train.

"Well, suh, Colonel Talcott's mission to the post-office was to mail a letter to his factor in Richmond, Virginia, on business of the utmost importance to himself,—namely, the raisin' of a small loan upon his share of the crop. Not the crop that was planted, suh, but the crop that he expected to plant.

"Colonel Talcott approached the hole, and with that Chesterfieldian manner which has distinguished the Talcotts for mo' than two centuries, asked the postmaster for the loan of a three-cent postage stamp.

"To his astonishment, suh, he was refused.

"Think of a Talcott in his own county town bein' refused a three-cent postage stamp by a low-lived Yankee, who had never known a gentleman in his life! The colonel's first impulse was to haul the scoundrel through the hole and caarve him; but then he remembered that he was a Talcott and could not demean himself, and drawin' himself up again with that manner which was grace itself he requested the loan of a three-cent postage stamp until he should communicate with his factor in Richmond, Virginia; and again he was refused. Well, suh, what was there left for a high-toned Southern gentleman to do? Colonel Talcott drew his revolver and shot that Yankee scoundrel through the heart, and killed him on the spot.

"And now, suh, comes the most remarkable part of the story. If it had not been for Major Tom Yancey, Jedge Kerfoot and myself, there would have been a lawsuit."

Fitz lay back in his chair and roared.

"And they did not hang the colonel?"

"Hang a Talcott! No, suh; we don't hang gentlemen down our way. Jedge Kerfoot vehy properly charged

the coroner's jury that it was a matter of self-defense, and Colonel Talcott was not detained mo' than haalf an hour."

The colonel stopped, unlocked a closet in the sideboard, and produced a black bottle labeled in ink, "Old Cherry Bounce, 1848."

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, but the discussion of these topics has quite unnerved me. Allow me to share with you a thimbleful."

Fitz drained the glass, cast his eyes upward, and said solemnly, "To the repose of the postmaster's soul."

LOVE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY S. E. KISER

I

Oh, if you only knowed how much I like
To stand here, when the "old man" ain't around,
And watch your soft, white fingers while you pound
Away at them there keys! Each time you strike
It almost seems to me as though you'd found
Some way, while writin' letters, how to play
Sweet music on that thing, because the sound
Is something I could listen to all day.

You're twenty-five or six, and I'm fourteen,
And you don't hardly ever notice me—
But when you do, you call me Willie! Gee,
I wisht I'd bundles of the old long green
And could be twenty-eight or nine or so,
And something happened to your other beau.

VI

When you're typewritin' and that long-legged clerk
Tips back there on his chair and smiles at you,
And you look up and get to smilin', too,
I'd like to go and give his chair a jerk
And send him flyin' till his head went through
The door that goes out to the hall, and when
They picked him up he'd be all black and blue
And you'd be nearly busted laughin' then.

But if I done it, maybe you would run
And hold his head and smooth his hair and say
It made you sad that he got dumped that way,
And I'd get h'isted out for what I done—
I wish that he'd get fired and you'd stay
And suddenly I'd be a man some day.

VIII

This morning when that homely, long-legged clerk
Come in he had a rose he got somewhere;
He went and kind of leaned against her chair,
Instead of goin' on about his work,
And stood around and talked to her a while,
Because the boss was out,—and both took care
To watch the door; and when he left her there
He dropped the flower with a sickish smile.

I snuck it from the glass of water she
Had stuck it in, and tore it up and put
It on the floor and smashed it with my foot,
When neither him nor her was watchin' me—
I'd like to rub the stem acrost his nose,
And I wish they'd never be another rose.

XIII

Last night I dreamed about her in my sleep;
I thought that her and me had went away
Out on some hill where birds sung 'round all day,
And I had got a job of herdin' sheep.
I thought that she had went along to keep
Me comp'ny, and we'd set around for hours
Just lovin', and I'd go and gather flowers
And pile them at her feet, all in a heap.

It seemed to me like heaven, bein' there
With only her besides the sheep and birds,
And us not sayin' anything but words
About the way we loved. I wouldn't care
To ever wake again if I could still
Dream we was there forever on the hill.

XXVII

It's over now; the blow has fell at last;
It seems as though the sun can't shine no more,
And nothing looks the way it did before;
The glad thoughts that I used to think are past.
Her desk's shut up to-day, the lid's locked fast;
The keys where she typewrote are still; her chair
Looks sad and lonesome standin' empty there—
I'd like to let the tears come if I dast.

This morning when the boss come in he found
A letter that he'd got from her, and so
He read it over twice and turned around
And said: "The little fool's got married!" Oh,
It seemed as if I'd sink down through the ground,
And never peep no more—I didn't, though.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE GAME OF FOOTBALL

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"Whin I was a young man," said Mr. Dooley, "an' that was a long time ago,—but not so long ago as manny iv me inimies'd like to believe, if I had anny inimies,—I played fut-ball, but 'twas not th' fut-ball I see whin th' Brothers' school an' th' Saint Aloysius Tigers played las' week on th' pee-raries.

"Whin I was a la-ad, iv a Sundah afthernoon we'd get out in th' field where th' oats'd been cut away, an' we'd choose up sides. Wan cap'n'd pick one man, an' th' other another. 'I choose Dooley,' 'I choose O'Connor,' 'I choose Dimpsey,' 'I choose Riordan,' an' so on till there was twinty-five or thirty on a side. Thin wan cap'n'd kick th' ball, an' all our side'd r-run at it an' kick it back; an' thin wan iv th' other side'd kick it to us, an' afther awhile th' game'd get so timpischous that all th' la-ads iv both sides'd be in wan pile, kickin' away at wan or th' other or at th' ball or at th' impire, who was mos'ly a la-ad that cudden't play an' that come out less able to play thin he was whin he wint in. An', if anny wan laid hands on th' ball, he was kicked be ivry wan else an' be th' impire. We played fr'm noon till dark, an' kicked th' ball all th' way home in the moonlight.

"That was futball, an' I was a great wan to play it. I'd think nawthin' iv histin' th' ball two hundherd feet in th' air, an' wanst I give it such a boost that I stove in th' ribs iv th' Prowtestant minister—bad luck to him, he was a kind man—that was lookin' on fr'm a hedge. I was th' finest player in th' whole county, I was so.

"But this here game that I've been seein' ivry time th'

pagan fistival iv Thanksgivin' comes ar-round, sure it ain't th' game I played. I seen th' Dorgan la-ad comin' up th' sthreet yesterdah in his futball clothes,—a pair iv matthresses on his legs, a pillow behind, a mask over his nose, an' a bushel measure iv hair on his head. He was followed by thee men with bottles, Dr. Ryan, an' th' Dorgan fam'ly. I jined thim. They was a big crowd on th' peerary,—a bigger crowd than ye cud get to go f'r to see a prize fight. Both sides had their frinds that give th' colledge cries. Says wan crowd: 'Take an ax, an ax, an ax to thim. Hooroo, hooroo, hellabaloo. Christyan Bro-others!' an' th' other says, 'Hit thim, saw thim, gnaw thim, chaw thim, Saint Alo-ysius!' Well, afther awhile they got down to wur-ruk. 'Sivin, eighteen, two, four,' says a la-ad. I've seen people go mad over figures durin' th' free silver campaign, but I niver see figures make a man want f'r to go out an' kill his fellow-men befure. But these here figures had th' same effect on th' la-ads that a mintion iv Lord Castlereagh'd have on their fathers. Wan la-ad hauled off, an' give a la-ad acrost fr'm him a punch in th' stomach. His frind acrost th' way caught him in th' ear. Th' cinter rush iv th' Saint Aloysiuses took a runnin' jump at th' left lung iv wan iv th' Christyan Brothers, an' wint to th' grass with him. Four Christyan Brothers leaped most crooly at four Saint Aloysiuses, an' rolled thim. Th' cap'n iv th' Saint Aloysiuses he took th' cap'n iv th' Christyan Brothers be th' leg, an' he pounded th' pile with him as I've seen a section hand tamp th' thrack. All this time young Dorgan was standin' back, takin' no hand in th' affray. All iv a suddent he give a cry iv rage, an' jumped feet foremost into th' pile. 'Down!' says th' impire. 'Faith, they are all iv that,' says I. 'Will iver they get up?' 'They will,' says ol' man Dorgan. 'Ye can't stop thim,' says he.

"It took some time f'r to pry thim off. Near ivry man iv th' Saint Aloysiuses was tied in a knot around wan iv th' Christyan Brothers. On'y wan iv thim remained on th' field. He was lyin' face down, with his nose in th' mud. 'He's kilt,' says I. 'I think he is,' says Dorgan, with a merry smile. 'Twas my boy Jimmy done it, too,' says he. 'He'll be arrested f'r murdher,' says I. 'He will not,' says he. 'There's on'y wan polisman in town cud take him, an' he's down town doin' th' same f'r somebody,' he says. Well, they carried th' corpse to th' side, an' took th' ball out iv his stomach with a monkey wrinch, an' th' game was rayshumed. 'Sivin, sixteen, eight, eleven,' says Saint Aloysius; an' young Dorgan started to run down th' field. They was another young la-ad r-runnin' in fr-ront iv Dorgan; an', as fast as wan iv th' Christyan Brothers come up an' got in th' way, this here young Saint Aloysius grabbed him be th' hair iv th' head an' th' sole iv th' fut, an' thrun him over his shoulder. 'What's that la-ad doin'?' says I. 'Interferin',' says he. 'I shud think he was,' says I, 'an' most impudent,' I says. 'Tis such interference as this,' I says, 'that breaks up fam'lies'; an' I come away.

"'Tis a noble sport, an' I'm glad to see us Irish ar-re gettin' into it. Whin we larn it thruly, we'll teach thim colledge joods fr'm th' pie belt a thrick or two."

"We have already," said Mr. Hennessy. "They'se a team up in Wisconsin with a la-ad be th' name iv Jeremiah Riordan f'r cap'n, an' wan named Patsy O'Dea behind him. They come down here, an' bate th' la-ads fr'm th' Chicawgo Colledge down be th' Midway."

"Iv coorse, they did," said Mr. Dooley. "Iv coorse, they did. An' they cud bate anny collection iv Baptists that iver come out iv a tank."

THE FAIRPORT ART MUSEUM

BY OCTAVE THANET

After the war was over, the Middle West addressed itself to Culture. Perhaps the husbands and brothers and fathers might still be busy making money; but the women of the West, whose energies and emotions had been mightily roused, found life a little tame when there were no more sanitary commissions, no more great fairs or little fairs for the soldiers, no more intense emotions over printed sheets. Then it was that the Woman's Club lifted a modest finger at the passing car of progress, and unobtrusively boarded it.

Fairport was conservative, as always, but she had no mind to be left behind in the march of feminine fashion. She did not rush to extremes, but she had women's clubs in 1881. The chief of these were the Ladies' Literary Club and the Spinsters' Alliance. Both clubs tackled the same great themes of ethics and art, and allotted a winter to the literature of a nation, except in the case of Greek and Roman literatures, which were not considered able to occupy a whole winter apiece, so they were studied in company. The club possessed a proper complement of officers, and their meetings went from house to house. They were conducted with artless simplicity, in a pleasant, conversational manner, but with due regard to polite forms; and only at a moment of excitement was the chair addressed by her Christian name.

Naturally, the women's clubs were deeply stirred by

the first great World's Fair in America. But the whole West was moved. It turned to art with a joyous ardor, the excited happiness of a child that finds a new beauty in the world. Why had we not thought of the artistic regeneration of our sordid life before? Never mind, we would make amends for lost time by spending more money! In very truth the years following the Centennial witnessed an extraordinary awakening of worship of beauty, almost religious in its fervor. Passionate pilgrims ransacked Europe and the Orient; a prodigal horde of their captives, objects of luxury and of art, surged into galleries and museums and households. No cold, critical taste weeded out these adorable aliens. The worst and the best conquered, together. Our architecture, our furniture, our household surroundings were metamorphosed as by enchantment. And the feature of mark in it all was the unparalleled diffusion of the new faith. Not the great cities only; the towns, the villages, the hamlets, caught fire.

Of course, Fairport went to Philadelphia; and Fairport was converted. It followed, at once that the women's clubs of the place should serve most zealously at the altar; and nothing could be more inevitable than that in course of time there should be a concrete manifestation of zeal. Hence the memorable Art Museum, the fame of which to this day will revive, when there is a meeting of the solid and gray-haired matrons who were the light-footed girls of the Alliance, and the talk falls on the old times.

The art collection would give its admirers shivers to-day, but it excited only happy complacency then. The mood of the hour was not critical. The homes of the Fairport gentry held innumerable oil copies of the great masters of different degrees of merit, which they loaned

secure of welcome; with them came family treasures so long held in reverence that their artistic value (coldly considered) had been lost to comparison, and the gems of accomplished amateurs who painted flowers on china cups, or of rising young artists who had not as yet risen beyond the circle of trusting friends in town.

In general, the donors' expectation of gratitude was justified, but even so early as 1881 there were limits to artistic credulity; and some offerings drove the club president, Miss Claudia Loraine, and the club secretary, Miss Emma Hopkins, to "the coal hold." This was a wee closet under the stairs, where the coal scuttles were ranged, until they should fare forth to replenish the "base burners" which warmed the Museum home. In real life the name of the Museum's lodgings was Harness Block, and Mr. Harness had proffered the cause of art two empty stores, formerly a fish market and a grocery. As there was no private office (only a wire cage), when Miss Hopkins felt the need of frank speech she signaled Claudia to the coal hole.

She was closeted with her thus on the morning of the second day. The subject of the conference was the last assault on the nerves of the committee, perpetrated by the Miller twins—not in person, but with their china. The china, itself, had the outward semblance of ordinary blue earthen ware of a cheap grade; but the Miller twins were convinced (on the testimony of their dear old minister, who never told a lie in his life, and who had heard the Millers' grandmother say—and everybody knows that *she* was a saint on earth, and she was ninety years old at the time, and would she be likely to lie almost on her dying bed?—you might call it her dying bed, averred Miss Miller, since she was bedridden for two years before her death, on that same old four-poster bedstead which be-

longed to her mother, and at last died on it) that the blue ware had been the property of George the Third, had been sold and was on board the ship with the tea which was rifled in Boston Harbor. They had insisted in pasting these royal claims upon the china in the blackest and neatest lettering. The awkward fact that earthenware does not usually grace a royal board, or that the saintly old grandmother mixed up dates and persons in a wonderful way during her latter days, made no difference to her loyal descendants. Each platter with the black chipping betraying plainly its lowly origin, each tea-cup mended with cement, bore the paper-claim pasted securely upon it.

"It took up a whole afternoon," said Miss Tina Miller, "but it's *so* precious and there might be other blue ware and it *might* get mixed—you'll insure it, Miss Hopkins? not that money could replace such things, but, at least"—Miss Tina Miller always left her sentences in the air, seemingly too diffident to complete them, once the auditors were assured of their import.

The Millers kept a tiny little house on a tiny little income; but gave of all they had to give, themselves, without stint. They were public-spirited women, if Fairport ever held any such. Although they had neither brothers nor cousins to go to the war, they had picked lint and made bandages and trudged with subscription papers and scrimped for weeks to have money to spend at the patriotic fairs. In consequence they were deeply respected, so respected that it was simply impossible to refuse their unselfish offering of their dearest god.

"I think it just *noble* of you," said Miss Tina. "Sister and I felt we *must* help; so we brought the King George china and a little pencil head our sister Euphrosyne did. The one who died, you know. I'm sorry all your—art

things—aren't in yet. No, I can't come to-morrow; I shall be very busy—sister may come—*thank* you."

Both the keen young listeners knew why Miss Tina could not come; it was neither more nor less than the admission fee.

"But I'll take care of that," said Emma to Claudia in the coal hold. "Elly is going to give her and Miss Ally each a season ticket."

"Then we're *in* for the King George china!" groaned Claudia softly.

"We are," said Emma. "I've put it in a good but not too good a place, and Mr. Winslow is inspecting it now."

"And he *knows* about china; he's sent lovely things," mourned Claudia.

"Oh, well, he knows about the Miller girls, too," said Emma, smiling; "I think he'll forgive us."

"You'd better go explain," urged Claudia, "and throw in that landscape with the cow that seems to have five legs and belongs to Mr. Harness. Perhaps he'll forgive that, too."

Emma went,—she was an amiable girl. She was not pretty like her sister, Mrs. Raimund, who had married the great railway man and was a power in Chicago society; but there was something in the radiant neatness and good humor of the plain sister which made her pleasant to look upon.

Winslow's mouth and eyes relaxed at her greeting, and he smiled over her official quotation of the Millers' claims.

"King George's table? H'mn; which table, second or third?" His eyes twinkled at Emma, whose own eyes twinkled back.

"They're awfully good women," said she, in a kind of compunction.

"None better," said he.

As he passed on, with his little son at his side, she thought: "He isn't nearly so grim as I used to think."

Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Winter were a few paces behind. They halted before the china, which Mrs. Winter examined; but Mrs. Winslow's weary eyes lingered hardly a moment before they found some other object on which to rest and leave as briefly.

"It is to be hoped this priceless relic won't be damaged in any way," said Mrs. Winter. "Still"—she bent confidentially toward Emma—"if such a calamity should occur, I know a shop in Chicago where you can get plenty for three dollars and ninety-nine cents."

"I hope nothing will happen to it," said Emma, with stolid reticence.

Mrs. Winslow had not listened, her listless face had been transformed; it was illumined now by the loveliest of smiles; she half put out her hand as a little boy snuggled up to her silken skirts, with a laugh.

"Papa letted me come," he said gaily, "and Peggy's here, too,—there!"

Peggy was attired with great care, her long red curls were shining and her eyes sparkled.

Immediately both children were immersed in the beauties of a collection of rejected models which had been obtained from the patent office, and which, surely, were the most diverting toys imaginable.

"Poor things, to them they *are* most valuable!" sighed Mrs. Winslow. She was making conversation about the Miller china; but Johnny-Ivan and Peggy not unreasonably conceived that she spoke of the beautiful churns and hayraking wagons and cars and wheeled chairs and the like marvels which Miss Hopkins was amiably explaining for them.

"The least chip would be irreparable, I suppose," continued Mrs. Winter, "thousands couldn't pay if one were broken!"

"Imagine the feelings of the custodian," said Emma. "I'm in a tremble all the time."

"I pity you," said Mrs. Winter, as the two ladies passed on to Mrs. Winter's great-grandmother's blue and white embroidered bedspread.

"Oh, Peggy, *do* be careful!" whispered Johnny-Ivan; Peggy was sending a velocipede in dizzy circles round the counter.

Now fate had ordered that at this critical instant the children should be unguarded. Miss Hopkins had stepped aside at the call of an agitated lady who had lost one of her art treasures in carriage; for the moment, there was no one near save a freckled boy in shabby overalls, who eyed the toys wistfully from afar. He was the same little boy whom Johnny-Ivan had bribed with a jack-knife to close the gate a few weeks before; and he was in the Museum to help his mother, the scrub-woman of the store.

Peggy grew more pleased with her play. The velocipede described wider and wider gyrations with accelerating speed; its keen buzz swelled on the air.

"It'll hit somepin!" warned Johnny-Ivan in an access of fear.

But Peggy's soul was dauntless to recklessness. "No, it won't," she flung back. Her shining head was between Johnny and the whirling wheels. He thought a most particularly beautiful little swinging gate in peril and tried to swerve the flying thing; how it happened, neither of the children knew; there was a smash, a crash, and gate and velocipede lay in splinters under a bronze bust. The glass of the show-case was etched with a sinister gray line.

"*Now* look what you've done!" exclaimed Peggy, with the natural irritation of disaster. "Oh, my!" squeaked the shabby little boy, "won't you catch it!" Peggy's anger was swallowed up in fright and sympathy; she pushed Johnny-Ivan ahead of her. "That Miss Hopkins is looking," cried she, "get behind these folks down the aisle!"

She propelled the little boy out of the immediate neighborhood of the calamity; she forced a wicked, deceitful smile (alas! guile comes easy to her sex) and pointed out things to him, whispering, "Look pleasant! Don't be so scared! They'll never know we did it." Already she was shouldering her share in crime, with a woman's willingness; she said "we" quite unconsciously; but she added (and this was of direct volition): "I did it more'n you; you were just trying to keep the nasty thing straight; I was a heap more to blame. Anyhow, I guess it ain't so awful bad. Just those wooden things."

Johnny-Ivan shook a tragic head; even his lips had gone bluish-white. "She said thousands wouldn't repair the damage," moaned he.

"You can't make me believe those mean little wooden tricks are worth any thousand dollars!" volleyed Peggy; nevertheless, her heart beat faster,—grown people are so queer. "Are you sure she meant *them?* Maybe it was those things in the next glass case; they're her own things! They're some kind of Chinese china and cost a heap." Peggy's sturdy womanly wits were rising from the shock.

"And the show-case is broked!" sniffed Johnny-Ivan, gulping down a sob.

"It ain't broke, it's only cracked; 'sides, it was cracked a right smart befo'!"

"But this was a new place—I know, 'cause I cut my finger on the other, scraping it over."

"Well, anyhow, I reckon it didn't be much value," Peggy insisted.

"I saw that young lady come back,"—Johnny-Ivan had switched on to a new track leading to grisly possibilities —"maybe *she'll* find it!"

"Well, we're gone, all right."

Peggy gave an unprincipled giggle. "Maybe she'll think it was *him.*"

"Then we *got* to tell," moaned Johnny.

"No, we ain't. He'll run off and so she won't ask him questions."

"But she'll *think* it's him. It'll be mean."

"No it won't."

"It's mean to have somebody else take your blame or your punishment; mamma said so."

The small casuist was too discreet to attack Johnny's oracle; she only pouted her pretty lips and quibbled:

" 'Tain't mean if the people who get blamed are mean themselves—like him. I don't care *how* blamed he gets; I wouldn't care if he got licked."

But Johnny's conscience was not so elastic. "I don't care, either," he protested. "I—I wouldn't care if he was *deaded*"—anxious to propitiate—"but it would be mean just the same. I got to tell papa, Peggy, I truly have."

Peggy grew very cross. "You are just the foolest, obsternatest little boy I ever did see," she grumbled; "you're a plumb idiot! I'd like to slap you! Your papa'll be awful mad."

Johnny-Ivan essayed an indifferent mien, but his eyes were miserable.

"Say, Jo'nivan,"—her voice sank to a whisper that curdled his blood—"were you ever spanked?"

"Only Hilma sorter kinder—not really *spanking,* you know," confessed Johnny with a toss of his head. "I just made faces at her; I didn't cry!" he bragged.

"Never your mamma or your papa?"

"Course not," said Johnny with a haughty air; "but, Peggy," he said very low, "were you—did—"

"Oh, my, yes! Mammy did when I was little. I'm too big now."

"I'm too big, too, now, ain't I?"

"I don't know," said Peggy. "Wulf Greiner was licked by teacher, and he's thirteen. It's whether it's mighty bad, you know."

Johnny-Ivan caught his breath and his legs shook under him; the horror of his father's "licking" him came over him cold; it was not the pain; he had never minded Hilma's sturdy blows and he had let Michael cut a splinter out of his thumb with a pocket-knife, and never whimpered; it was the ignominy, the unknown terror of his father's wrath that looked awful to him. As he looked down the crowded room and suddenly beheld Winslow's face bent gravely over Miss Hopkins, who was talking earnestly, he could hardly move his feet. Yet he had no thought of wavering. "I *got* to tell," he said, and walked as fast as he could, with his white face, straight to the group.

Winslow looked down and saw the two children; and one could discover the signals of calamity in their faces: Peggy's a fine scarlet and Johnny-Ivan's grayish-white.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked Winslow.

Johnny's eyelids were glued tight—just as they were when he pulled Peggy's tooth—he blurted everything out breathlessly: "I've done something *awful,* papa! It'll cost thousands of dollars."

Emma Hopkins had considered Winslow an unattractive man, of a harsh visage, but now, as he looked at his little son, she changed her mind.

"What did you do, son?" said he quietly; his hand found Johnny's brown curls and lay on them a second.

"He didn't do it, really; it was *me,*" Peggy broke in, too agitated for grammar. "I was playing with the little tricks on the table, the models, sah, and I was making the v'losipid run round and he was 'fraid I'd break it; but *I* did it, really, sah."

"And the model fell on to something valuable? I see."

"But he wasn't playing with it, he was only trying to keep me from breaking—"

"Well, young lady, you two are evidently in the same boat; but you aren't a bit sneaky, either of you. Let's see the wreckage; I suppose you got into trouble because you wanted to see how things worked, and Johnny, as usual, couldn't keep out of other folks' hot water. Where's the ruin?"

"The show-case is broked, too," said Johnny-Ivan in a woeful, small voice.

"But it was cracked before," interjected Peggy.

Winslow looked at her with a little twist. "That's a comfort," said he, "and you have horse sense, my little Southerner. I guess you didn't either of you mean any harm—"

"Indeed, no, sah, and Johnny was just as good; never touched a thing—"

"But you see your intentions didn't protect you. Distrust good intentions, my dears; look out for the possible consequences. However, I think there is one person to blame you haven't mentioned, and that is one Josiah C. Winslow, who let two such giddy young persons explore by themselves. Contributory negligence is proved; and said Winslow will pay the bill and not kick."

So saying, he took Peggy's warm, chubby little fingers in one of his big white hands and Johnny-Ivan's cold little palm in the other, and nodded a farewell to Emma.

THE BALLAD OF GRIZZLY GULCH*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

The rocks are rough, the trail is tough,
The forest lies before,
As madly, madly to the hunt
Rides good King Theodore
With woodsmen, plainsmen, journalists
And kodaks thirty-four.

The bob-cats howl, the panthers growl,
"He sure is after us!"
As by his side lopes Bill, the Guide,
A wicked-looking cuss—
"Chee-chee!" the little birds exclaim,
"Ain't Teddy stren-oo-uss!"

Though dour the climb with slip and slime,
King Ted he doesn't care,
Till, cracking peanuts on a rock,
Behold, a Grizzly Bear!
King Theodore he shows his teeth,
But he never turns a hair.

"Come hither, Court Photographer,"
The genial monarch saith,
"Be quick to snap your picture-trap
As I do yon Bear to death."
"Dee-lighted!" cries the smiling Bear,
As he waits and holds his breath.

* From "At the Sign of the Dollar," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

Then speaks the Court Biographer,
And a handy guy is he,
"First let me wind my biograph,
That the deed recorded be."
"A square deal!" saith the patient Bear,
With ready repartee.

And now doth mighty Theodore
For slaughter raise his gun;
A flash, a bang, an ursine roar—
The dready deed is done!
And now the kodaks thirty-four
In chorus click as one.

The big brown bruin stricken falls
And in his juices lies;
His blood is spent, yet deep content
Beams from his limpid eyes.
"Congratulations, dear old pal!"
He murmurs as he dies.

From Cripple Creek and Soda Springs,
Gun Gulch and Gunnison,
A-foot, a-sock, the people flock
To see that deed of gun;
And parents bring huge families
To show what *they* have done.

In the damp corse stands Theodore
And takes a hand of each,
As loud and long the happy throng
Cries, "Speech!" again and "Speech!"
Which pleaseth well King Theodore,
Whose practice is to preach.

"Good friends," he says, "lead outdoor lives
And Fame you yet may see—
Just look at Lincoln, Washington,
And great Napoleon B.;
And after that take off your hats
And you may look at me!"

But as he speaks, a Messenger
Cries, "Sire, a telegraft!"
The king up takes the wireless screed
Which he opens fore and aft,
And reads: "The Venezuelan stew
Is boiling over. TAFT."

Then straight the good King Theodore
In anger drops his gun
And turns his flashing spectacles
Toward high-domed Washington.
"O tush!" he saith beneath his breath,
"A man can't have no fun!"

Then comes a disappointed wail
From every rock and tree.
"Good-by, good-by!" the grizzlies cry
And wring their handkerchee.
And a sad bob-cat exclaims, "O drat!
He never shot at me!"

So backward, backward from the hunt
The monarch lopes once more.
The Constitution rides behind
And the Big Stick rides before
(Which was a rule of precedent
In the reign of Theodore).

MY PHILOSOFY

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I ain't, ner don't p'tend to be,
Much posted on philosofy;
But thare is times, when all alone,
I work out idees of my own.
And of these same thare is a few
I'd like to jest refer to you—
Pervidin' that you don't object
To listen clos't and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enugh to suit
This lower mundane institute—
No matter ef his daily walk
Is subject fer his neghbor's talk,
And critic-minds of ev'ry whim
Jest all git up and go fer him!

I knowed a feller onc't that had
The yeller-janders mighty bad,—
And each and ev'ry friend he'd meet
Would stop and give him some receet
Fer cuorin' of 'em. But he'd say
He kindo' thought they'd go away
Without no medicin', and boast
That he'd git well without one doste.

He kep' a-yellerin' on—and they
Perdictin' that he'd die some day
Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed,
The feller did, and lost his head,
And wundered in his mind a spell—
Then rallied, and, at last, got well;
But ev'ry friend that said he'd die
Went back on him eternally!

Its natchurl enugh, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less,
Fer them-uns on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fare divide;
And I've knowed some to lay and wait,
And git up soon, and set up late,
To ketch some feller they could hate
Fer goin' at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is grate tel he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhare.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contensions, and be satisfied:
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that, counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed grate success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

BY BRET HARTE

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific man to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told, in simple language, what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

LOST CHORDS

BY EUGENE FIELD

One autumn eve, when soft the breeze
Came sweeping through the lattice wide,
I sat me down at organ side
And poured my soul upon the keys.

It was, perhaps by heaven's design,
That from my half unconscious touch,
There swept a passing chord of such
Sweet harmony, it seemed divine.

In one soft tone it seemed to say
The sweetest words I ever heard,
Then like a truant forest bird,
It soared from me to heaven away.

Last eve, I sat at window whence
I sought the spot where erst had stood
A cord—a cord of hick'ry wood,
Piled up against the back yard fence.

Four dollars cost me it that day,
Four dollars earned by sweat of brow,
Where was the cord of hick'ry now?
The thieves had gobbled it away!

Ah! who can ever count the cost,
Of treasures which were once our own,
Yet now, like childhood dreams are flown,
Those cords that are forever lost.

THOUGHTS FER THE DISCURAGED FARMER

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees;
And the clover in the pastur is a big day fer the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey, above board and on the sly,
Tel they stutter in theyr buzzin' and stagger as they fly.
The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin'-up his forelegs fer biz,
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale they is.

You can hear the blackbirds jawin' as they foller up the plow—
Oh, theyr bound to git theyr brekfast, and theyr not a-carin' how;
So they quarrel in the furries, and they quarrel on the wing—
But theyr peaceabler in pot-pies than any other thing:
And it's when I git my shotgun drawed up in stiddy rest,
She's as full of tribbelation as a yeller-jacket's nest;
And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's a-shinin' right,
Seems to kindo'-sorto' sharpen up a feller's appetite!

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it will.
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's drownded out,
And propha-sy the wheat will be a failure, without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complane, as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whissel in a disappinted way,
Er hang his head in silunce, and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmuck's health a-failin'?—Does he walk, er does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs er voice?
Ort a mortul be complanin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contentud with our lot;
The June is here this mornin', and the sun is shining hot.
Oh! let us fill our harts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow fur away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you.

THE MODERN FARMER*

BY JACK APPLETON

Observe the modern farmer! In the shade
He works his crops by letters-patent now:
Steam drives the reaper (which is union-made),
As in the spring it pushed the auto-plough;
A patent milker manages each cow;
Electric currents guide the garden spade,
And cattle, poultry, pigs through "process" wade
To quick perfection—Science shows them how.
But while machinery plants and reaps, he rests
Upon his porch, and listens to the quail
That pipe far off in yonder hand-made vale,
With muscles flabby and with strength gone stale,
Until, in desperation, he invests
In "Muscle-Building Motions Taught by Mail"!

* Lippincott's Magazine.

THE APOSTASY OF WILLIAM DODGE

BY STANLEY WATERLOO

Billy Dodge rose from a seat near the door, and gave the two ladies chairs. Kate looked at him and smiled. The voice of the speaker seemed far away as she thought of the boy and his enthusiasms. Of all the earnest and sincere converts in the Lakeside House none could compare with Master William Dodge, the only son of the mistress of the place. He might be only eleven years old, he might be the most freckled boy in the block, but he had received new light, and he had his convictions. He had listened, and he had learned. He had learned that if you "hold a thought" and carry it around with you on a piece of paper, and read it from time to time throughout the day, it will bring you strength and give you victory in all the affairs of life. He thought the matter over much, for he had great need. He wanted help.

Of Master William Dodge, known as Billy, it may be said that in school he had ordinarily more fights on his hands than any other boy of his age and size, and it may be said, also, that as a rule, where the chances were anywhere near even, he came out "on top." But doggedly brave as the little freckled villain was, he had down in the bottom of his heart an appreciation that some day Jim McMasters might lick him. Jim McMasters was a boy only some six months older than Billy, of North of Ireland blood—than which there is none better—a lank, scrawny, reddish-haired youngster, freckled almost as

profusely as Billy. Three times had they met in noble battle, and three times had Billy been the conqueror, but somehow the spirit of young McMasters did not seem particularly broken, nor did he become a serf. Billy felt that the air was full of portent, and he didn't like it.

It was just at this time that to Billy came the conviction that by "holding the thought" he would have what he called "the bulge on Jim," and having the energy of his convictions, he promptly set to the work of getting up texts which he could carry around in his pocket and which would make him just invincible. He talked cautiously with Mandy Make as to good watch-words, in no way revealing his designs, and from her secured certain texts which she had herself unconsciously memorized from many hearings of Jowler preachers. They were:

"Fight the good fight."
"Never give up."
"He never fails who dies in a good cause."
"Never say die."

For a time Billy was content with these quotations, written in a school-boy hand upon brown paper, and carried in his left-hand trousers pocket, but later he discovered that most of the scientists in the house who "held a thought" themselves prepared their own little bit of manuscript to be carried and read during the day, and that the text was made to apply to their special needs. Billy, after much meditation, concluded this was the thing for him, and with great travail he composed and wrote out the new texts which he should carry constantly and which should be his bulwark. Here they are:

"Ketch hold prompt and hang on."
"Strike from the shoulder."

"A kick for a blow, always bestow."
"When you get a good thing, keep it—keep it."
"When you get a black cat, skin it to the tail."

Only a week later one William Dodge and one Jim McMasters again met in more or less mortal combat, and one William Dodge, repeating the shorter of his texts as he fought, was again the victor.

"Gimme Christian Science!" he said to himself, as he put on his coat after the fray was over.

* * * * * * * * *

Billy Dodge was fast drifting, although unconsciously, toward a crisis in his religious and worldly experiences. At school, during the last term, and so far in the summer vacation, his scheme of fortifying his physical powers with mental stimulants in the form of warlike "thoughts" had worked well. His chief rival for the honors of war, an energetic youngster, whose name, Jim McMasters, proclaimed his Irish ancestry, he had soundly thrashed more than once since adopting his new tactics. So far Billy had found that to hold the thought, "Ketch hold prompt and hang on," while he acted vigorously upon that stirring sentiment, meant victory, and he had more than once tried the efficacy of, "Strike from the shoulder," under adverse conditions and with success.

It was during this summer of anxiety to the more important personages of this story that Billy Dodge was called upon to prove the practical value of his belief in the supremacy of mind over matter, and although Billy emerged from the trial none the worse for his experience, it effected a radical change in his views.

Jim McMasters returned one summer's day from a short camping excursion in the Michigan woods. He had been the only boy in a party of young men, and during

their spare hours, as the members of the fishing party were lying around camp, they had instructed Jim in a few of the first principles of the noble science of self-defense. This unselfish action on the part of his elders was brought about by Jim's bitter complaints of Billy's treatment of himself in a fair fight, and by his dire thirst for vengeance.

And so Jim McMasters came back to the city a dangerous opponent, and he looked it. Even Billy, secure in the prestige of former victories, and armed with hidden weapons—namely, the "thoughts" he so tenaciously held—felt some misgivings when he saw Jim and noted his easy, swaggering mien.

"I've got to lick him again," thought Billy, "and I've got to be good and ready for him this time. I must get a set of thoughts well learned and hold 'em, or I'll be lammed out of my life."

The youngsters met one day, each with his following of admirers, in a vacant lot not far from the Lakeside House. There was a queer look in Jim's eye when he hailed Billy, and there was instant response in language of a violent character from the young disciple of Christian Science. As the two stood in a ring of boys, each watching the other and alert to catch some advantage of beginning, Billy was certainly the most unconcerned, and he appeared to advantage. He was occupied throughout every nerve and vein of his being, first in "holding the thought" he had fixed upon for this special occasion, and second, by his plan of attack, for Billy made it a point always to take the initiative in a fight.

As for Jim, that active descendant of the Celts failed to exhibit that alarm and apprehension which should appertain to a young gentleman of his age when facing an antagonist who had "whaled" him repeatedly. His face was neither sallow with long dread, nor white with pres-

ent fear before his former conqueror. In fact, it must be said of him that he capered about in a fashion not particularly graceful. He rose upon the ends of his toes and made wild feints which Billy did not understand. It was hard, under such disquieting circumstances, to hold a thought, and Billy found himself struggling in mind for equilibrium while he stood forward to the attack. He aimed a wild blow at his capering opponent, and drove into soundless air only, and before he could recover himself the capering opponent had "landed" on Billy's cheek in a most surprising but altogether unrefreshing manner.

The concussion made the cheek the color of an old-fashioned peony, and the jar caused the nose to bleed a little as the astonished Billy staggered back under the impact of a clenched fist.

Then the real fight began, but Billy, though he made a strong effort to rally, was beaten, and he knew, or thought he knew, why he was beaten. "It was holding the thought that done it," he faltered, as he fell after a quick stroke from Jim. He lay quiet on the grass, and his one wish was to die. He fixed his mind resolutely upon this wish, but failed to die at once; indeed he felt every moment the reviving forces of life throbbing through his tough young body. How could he look up and face his victorious foe? He decided rather to continue his efforts to die, and forthwith stiffened out into such rigidity as can be observed only in the bodies of those who have been dead forty-eight hours.

This manœuver frightened the lads around him. "See here!" said Johnny Flynn, "Billy's hurt bad, an' we ought to do something."

"He looks dead!" whimpered little Davy Runnion, the smallest boy present, and he ran off to tell Jim McMas-

ters, who stood at ease, at a short distance, arranging his disordered dress.

The victor faltered as he looked upon Billy's stiffened limbs.

"We must take him home," he said, ruefully.

Four boys lifted Billy, two at his shoulders, two at his feet. In the center he sagged slightly, despite his silent efforts to be rigidity itself. The small procession was preceded by a rabble of white-faced small boys, while the rear was guarded by Jim McMasters, meditating on the reflection that victory might be too dearly bought. Just as they reached the front steps of Mrs. Dodge's house, and were beginning the tug up toward the door, Jim burst into a loud bawl, and this so much disconcerted the youngsters who were carrying Billy that they almost dropped him on the white door-stone.

Johnny Flynn gave a mighty ring at the door-bell, and then fled down the steps and ran to the street corner, where he stood, one foot in the air, ready to run when the door opened. The neat maid who answered the bell gave a little shriek when she saw Billy's inanimate form. The boys pushed by her, dumped their burden upon the big hall sofa, and rushed out before any questions could be asked. It was plain enough, however, that Billy had got the worst of the fight. "And sure enough he deserves it," mentally pronounced the servant maid as she ran to call her mistress.

Mrs. Dodge gave a dismal shriek when she saw Billy. She sent the maid for Dr. Gordon, and sat down on the sofa with Billy's head in her lap. This was ignominious, and Billy decided to live. He opened his eyes, and in a faint voice asked for water.

When the man of medicine arrived he ordered the vanquished to bed. In the goodness of his heart, pitying the

household of women, he even carried Billy upstairs and assisted in undressing him. The doctor noticed during this process various small folded papers flying out of Billy's pockets, but he did not know their meaning. It was left for Cora and Pearl, later in the day, to pick them up and examine them. Alas for Billy's faith!

In his own boyish handwriting were his inspiring "thoughts," "Never say die," "Ketch hold prompt," etc. Billy turned his face to the wall with a groan as the twins laid the slips of paper on his pillow.

That evening, after Billy had held a long session of sweet, silent thought, for he could not sleep, and had eaten a remarkably good supper, he opened his mind to his mother.

"No more of these for me," he began, brushing the texts from his bed onto the floor.

"Of what, Willy?" questioned Mrs. Dodge.

"No more holdin' the thought, and all that," said Billy. "I'm through. Had too much. That's what did me up. If I hadn't been trying to think that blamed thought, I'd 'a' seen Jim a-comin'."

"But, Willy," expostulated Mrs. Dodge, "you must hold fast."

"Hold nothin'!" said Billy. He arose and sat up very straight in the bed. "I tell you I am goin' to have no more nonsense. Gimme quinine, hell, a gold basis, and capital punishment! That's my platform from this on. I'm goin' to look up a good Sunday-school to-morrow, in a church with a steeple on it, and a strict, regular minister, and all the fixin's. Remember, mother, after this I travel on my muscle weekdays, and keep Sunday like a clock!"

The twins picked up the scattered thoughts from the floor—Billy was lying in his mother's room—and their eyes were big with wonder.

"Burn 'em!" commanded Billy. Then, on second thought, he relented slightly. "Keep 'em yourself if you want to," he said to the twins. "Holdin' the thought may be all right for girls, but with boys it don't work!"

SO WAGS THE WORLD

BY ANNE WARNER

(With apologies to Samuel Pepys, Esquire)

February first

My birthday and I exceedingly merry thereat having in divers friends and much good wine beside two pasties and more of all than we could eat and drink had we been doubled. Afterwards to the play-house and a very good play and hence to a supper the which most hot and comforting with a butt of brandy and divers cocktails and they being very full did make great sport and joke me that I had never taken a wife to which replied neatly saying that for my part in my twenties did feel myself too young and in my thirties did never chance upon one comely and to my taste at which great applause and pretty to see me bow to right and left although in mortal fear lest something give way, I being grown heavier of late and the quality of cloth suffering from the New York Custom House. The applause being over did continue my speech and say that in my forties had had little time to think of aught but my own personal affairs, but that now being come to my fifties was well disposed to share them and they did all drink to that and smash their glasses with right good cheer prophesying my marriage and drinking long life to Her and me and Lord but it did like me to hear speak of Her the which brought tears

to mine eyes, considering that they did speak of my wife, and so did weep freely and they with me. My mind then a blank but home in some shape and the maid did get me to my room and what a head this morning! Misliketh me much to bethink me how I did comport myself, but a man is fifty but once.

To mine office where did buy and sell as usual.

February third

Comes H. Nevil in a glass coach to take me to drive and did talk much of his niece, she being fresh from France and of a good skin and fair voice. Was of a great joy to ride in a glass coach and pleasant to look constantly out backward, but great rattling and do think my modest brougham sufficeth me well, but H. Nevil very disdainful of the brougham and saith a man is known by the company he keepeth, the which strange in mine eyes we being alone together in the coach but did go with him to a horse dealer's.

To mine office as usual and there did buy and sell.

February eighth

To dine with H. Nevil and his wife and she a monstrous pleasant lady and the dinner good only the wine poor and my vest too tight which vastly misliked me, I being loth to grow stout and yet all at odds with my belts, the which trying me sadly for I do pay my tailor as many do not. And the niece a striking fine girl modest and not raising her eyes the which much to my taste and drinking only lambs-wool and at cards knowing not tierce from deuce. H. Nevil making great ado over my new coach did have it out with pride and we to the Country

Club for a late supper, the which well-cooked but my vest much tighter and so home and to bed.

Railway stocks risen two points.

February twentieth

Did take a box at the Play and ask H. Nevil, his wife and niece and a supper afterwards and pretty to see how miss did refuse mine eyes and hardly speak two words, the which greatly to my admiration and after supper did lead her to the coach and press her hand with curious effect to mine own hair, the which strange and prickly and home and much thinking on the merry talk at my birthday before sleep.

Stocks falling somewhat.

March nineteenth

Much agitated and all trembling and of a cold sweat. The Lord have mercy and me all unwitting until in some strange way do find myself today betrothed the which I do heartily pray to be for the good of all concerned, although expensive and worse to come.

No heart for stocks, but the same arising.

April sixteenth

Do find the being betrothed more to my taste than anticipated and tell H. Nevil he shall be remembered with pointers when the market turns again. We to the park to drive each afternoon and many admiring of her beauty, she desiring often to drive but I firm in refusing for I will be master in my own house.

Comes one Lasselle and makes a great tale of a mine

and I with no time for him, but do set the office boy to look him up in Bradstreet.

These be busy days with a corner on parsnips.

May tenth

The business of being director in Lasselle's mine ended this day and to a great dinner that he giveth in my honor and my portrait on all the cards the which pleaseth me mightily and I all complimented and congratulationed and sly hints on my approaching marriage to the which I all smiles for Lord the thing being done one must be of good courage.

Quotations low, beshrew them.

June seventh (the Mountains)

Married this day and to do in a turmoil wheat being all a-rage and me forced to go home to dress before noon. Did scarce know where I was with Extras being cried outside the church window and H. Nevil giving the bride away and on the wrong side of the market by my advice. The bride hystericky in the carriage and at the station wept so that I was fair beside myself. Did bethink me to kiss her in the train, but small comfort to either. What will become of my affairs I know not, this place being all without stock reports and I half mad and with naught to pass the time.

Comes my wife as I write and will have the key to her largest trunk the same it doth appear is lost, the which on discovery she layeth at my door and weepeth afresh. Did strive to cheer her but with a heavy heart.

August tenth

This do be the hottest summer in many years and lest I forget to set it down more mad dogs than can well be handled. My wife very hystericky and forever in a smock and declareth she would be dead and married life a delusion, the which opinion I take small issue with having my hands full of business and Lasselle forever at my heels with our affair of the mine not to speak of H. Nevil which waileth continually over how he was caught short in the month of June. Beshrew me if I repent not of June on mine own behalf but am determined to live properly and so have despatched a messenger to my cousin Sarah Badminton asking that she come to keep mine house.

August twentieth

Comes Sarah Badminton this day and Lord but a plain woman, being flat like unto a board from her heels up unto her head, but curiously shaped in and out in front. Still she do seem a worthy jade and good at heart and ever attentive when I will to converse and sitteth with me of a breakfast my vife being ever asleep till ten.

Last night to the Play where comes Lasselle and makes very merry and telleth jokes the which of great amusement to my wife while I find no mirth therein. Later to supper at the coffee house and my wife exceedingly witty and me all of a wonder at the change in her in public and on reflection do find it passing strange that one ugly like Mistress Badminton will effort her to be gracious at home while one so handsome as my wife sleeps ever.

To my office where did buy and sell as usual.

September sixteenth

My wife not well and strangely indisposed towards me yawning unduly and complaining that life is dull, yet gay enough for others and of a great joy over riding horseback with Lasselle. Last night did chide her in bed for upwards of an hour and misliked me greatly when I had done to find that she slept for some while before. Will have the doctor to her for there be surely something amiss in a woman who is not happy with me.

To my office and H. Nevil all excitement over his margins.

October twenty-ninth

Returned this day from a trip to the Coast and find my wife no better although the doctor hath been with her each day. She saith the doctor adviseth quiet until spring. Comes Mrs. Badminton her face all awry and will that I go with her to Carlsbad and my affairs so many as never was and never any lover of the sea. That which causeth me great vexation that I have a wife and say flatly to Mrs. Badminton to ask the doctor if he can not take her to Carlsbad any money being wiser than to travel with oats where they be now and chicken feed going up to beat the band, at which the good woman raiseth her hands aloft and maketh such demonstration that I clean out of patience and basted her with the fire shovel the same being not courteous but sadly necessary to all appearance.

November sixth

My wife most nervous and there being no peace with her did discuss the same with Lasselle to-day and al-

though unmarried yet did sympathize much and advise for me with a right good will telling me of a place in southern France where he hath been and the same beyond all else for the nerves only lonely but that not so bad since he proposeth going there this winter himself and can see after my wife somewhat the which greatly to my relief and so home and did discourse thereon with Mistress Badminton the which drew a long face and plain to see was dead against the plan the which putting me in a fine temper with what a woman hath for brains.

Wheat rising and A. B. & C. going down comes H. Nevil short to borrow the which crowneth my fury his niece being so far from making me happy and he being the cause of all. But did indorse two notes for him and so home and to bed with a bad grace and glad that my wife has betaken herself to another room.

December ninth

From the dock and my wife do be gone and now we may look for some peace the which sad enough needed.

December tenth

Comes H. Nevil all distraught to say that it is about at the clubs that my wife will have a divorce and marry the doctor, on the which hearing I much annoyed and summon Mrs. Badminton who denyeth the doctor but asserteth Lasselle whereupon we in a great taking and much brandy and soda but at last reflection and do decide not to sue but to pity Lasselle for of a verity she be forever out of temper and flounceth when questioned.

To mine office and D. & E. going up comes H. Nevil to borrow again the gall of which doth take me greatly.

January seventeenth

Am all of a taking for that the papers in my wife's divorce do be filed into me this day and great to do when I learn that the cause she declareth is Sarah Badminton a woman as little comely as never was and mine own cousin. Verily the ways of a wife be past understanding.

April eleventh

Free this day and being free comes Mrs. Badminton weeping and declareth she be ruined if I marry her not next the which doth so overcome me that ere I have time to rally she hath kissed me and called me hers.

To my office with a heavy heart having no assurance of how this second marriage will turn out and little hope but seeing H. Nevil with a long face did refuse to give him any inside information the which led to his going under about noon to my great joy for it was he who did get me in this marrying habit.

February first

My birthday and Lord what eating and drinking the which being good beyond compare my wife staying in the pantry to keep the whole in trim and all my friends discoursing on my joy the which is truly great she being so plain that a man will never look at her and so loving that she adoreth me come smiles come frowns.

But that which doth astonish me much is that H. Nevil telleth me that she that was once my wife is of exceeding content with Lasselle a piece of news which I can scarce credit comparing him with myself.

But so wags the world.

THE PAINTERMINE*

BY KENYON COX

Its innocence deserves no jibe—
  Pity the creature, do not mock it.
'Tis type of all the artist tribe;
  Its trousers haven't any pocket!

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

THE ADVERTISER

BY EUGENE FIELD

I am an advertiser great!
  In letters bold
  The praises of my wares I sound,
Prosperity is my estate;
  The people come,
  The people go
  In one continuous,
  Surging flow.
They buy my goods and come again
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate,
I'm an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
  Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
  Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day.
  The people come,
  The people go,
  But never there.
  They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because *he* does not advertise!
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
  In one small fact, which I may state,
  Too many tradesmen learn too late,
If I have goods, I advertise.
  Then people come
  And people go
  In constant streams,
  For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

THE FAMOUS MULLIGAN BALL

BY FRANK L. STANTON

Did ever you hear of the Mulligan ball—the Mulligan ball so fine,
Where we formed in ranks, and danced on planks, and swung 'em along the line?
Where the first Four Hundred of the town moved at the music's call?
There was never a ball in the world at all—like the famous Mulligan ball!

Town was a bit of a village then, and never a house or shed
From street to street and beat to beat was higher than Mulligan's head!
And never a theater troup came round to 'liven us, spring or fall,
And so Mulligan's wife she says, says she: "Plaze God, I'll give a ball!"

And she did—God rest her, and save her, too! (I'm liftin' to her my hat!)
And never a ball at all, at all, was half as fine as that!
Never no invitations sent—nothin' like that at all;
But the whole Four Hundred combed their hair and went to the Mulligan ball.

And "Take yer places!" says Mulligan, "an' dance till
you shake the wall!"
And I led Mrs. Mulligan off as the lady that gave the
ball;
And we whirled around till we shook the ground, with
never a stop at all;
And I kicked the heels from my boots—please God—
at the famous Mulligan ball.

Mulligan jumped till he hit the roof, and the head of him
went clean through it!
The shingles fell on the floor pell-mell! Says Mulligan:
"Faith, I knew it!"
But we kept right on when the roof was gone, with never
a break at all;
We danced away till the break o' day at the famous
Mulligan ball.

But the best of things must pass away like the flowers
that fade and fall,
And it's fifty years, as the records say, since we danced
at Mulligan's ball;
And the new Four Hundred never dance like the Mulli-
gans danced—at all,
And I'm longing still, though my hair is gray, for a ball
like Mulligan's ball!

And I drift in dreams to the old-time town, and I hear
the fiddle sing;
And Mulligan sashays up and down till the rafters rock
and ring!
Suppose, if I had a woman's eye, maybe a tear would
fall
For the old-time fellows who took the prize at the famous
Mulligan ball!

THE GENIAL IDIOT DISCUSSES THE MUSIC CURE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Good morning, Doctor," said the Idiot as Capsule, M. D., entered the dining-room. "I am mighty glad you've come. I've wanted for a long time to ask you about this music cure that everybody is talking about and get you if possible to write me out a list of musical nostrums for every day use. I noticed last night before going to bed that my medicine chest was about run out. There's nothing but one quinine pill and a soda-mint drop in it, and if there's anything in the music cure I don't think I'll have it filled again. I prefer Wagner to squills, and compared to the delights of Mozart, Hayden and Offenbach those of paregoric are nit."

"Still rambling, eh?" vouchsafed the Doctor. "You ought to submit your tongue to some scientific student of dynamics. I am inclined to think, from my own observation of its ways, that it contains the germ of perpetual motion."

"I will consider your suggestion," replied the Idiot. "Meanwhile, let us consult harmoniously together on the original point. Is there anything in this music cure, and is it true that our Medical Schools are hereafter to have conservatories attached to them in which aspiring young M. D.'s are to be taught the *materia musica* in addition to the *materia medica?*"

"I had heard of no such idiotic proposition," returned

the Doctor. "And as for the music cure I don't know anything about it. Haven't heard everybody talking about it, and doubt the existence of any such thing outside of that mysterious realm which is bounded by the four corners of your own bright particular cerebellum. What do you mean by the music cure?"

"Why, the papers have been full of it lately," explained the Idiot. "The claim is made that in music lies the panacea for all human ills. It may not be able to perform a surgical operation like that which is required for the removal of a leg, and I don't believe even Wagner ever composed a measure that could be counted on successfully to eliminate one's vermiform appendix from its chief sphere of usefulness, but for other things, like measles, mumps, the snuffles, or indigestion, it is said to be wonderfully efficacious. What I wanted to find out from you was just what composers were best for which specific troubles."

"You'll have to go to somebody else for the information," said the Doctor. "I never heard of the theory and, as I said before, I don't believe anybody else has, barring your own sweet self."

"I have seen a reference to it somewhere," put in Mr. Whitechoker, coming to the Idiot's rescue. "As I recall the matter, some lady had been cured of a nervous affection by a scientific application of some musical poultice or other, and the general expectation seems to be that some day we shall find in music a cure for all our human ills, as the Idiot suggests."

"Thank you, Mr. Whitechoker," said the Idiot gratefully. "I saw that same item and several others besides, and I have only told the truth when I say that a large number of people are considering the possibilities of music as a substitute for drugs. I am surprised that Doctor

Capsule has neither heard nor thought about it, for I should think it would prove to be a pleasant and profitable field for speculation. Even I who am only a dabbler in medicine, and know no more about it than the effects of certain remedies upon my own symptoms, have noticed that music of a certain sort is a sure emollient for nervous conditions."

"For example?" said the Doctor. "Of course we don't doubt your word, but when a man makes a statement based upon personal observation it is profitable to ask him what his precise experience has been merely for the purpose of adding to our own knowledge."

"Well," said the Idiot, "the first instance that I can recall is that of a Wagner Opera and its effects upon me. For a number of years I suffered a great deal from insomnia. I could not get two hours of consecutive sleep and the effect of my sufferings was to make me nervous and irritable. Suddenly somebody presented me with a couple of tickets for a performance of Parsifal and I went. It began at five o'clock in the afternoon. For twenty minutes all went serenely and then the music began to work. I fell into a deep and refreshing slumber. The intermission came, and still I slept on. Everybody else went home, dressed for the evening part of the performance, had their dinner, and returned. Still I slept and continued so to do until midnight when one of the gentlemanly ushers came and waked me up and told me that the performance was over. I rubbed my eyes and looked about me. It was true, the great auditorium was empty, and was gradually darkening. I put on my hat and walked out refreshed, having slept from five twenty until twelve, or six hours and forty minutes, straight. That was one instance. Two weeks later I went again, this time to hear *Die Goetherdammerung*. The results were the same, only the effect was in-

stantaneous. The curtain had hardly risen before I retired to the little ante-room of the box our party occupied and dozed off into a fathomless sleep. I didn't wake up this time until nine o'clock the next day, the rest of the party having gone off without awakening me, as a sort of joke. Clearly Wagner, according to my way of thinking, then deserves to rank among the most effective narcotics known to modern science. I have tried all sorts of other things—sulfonal, trionel, bromide powders, and all the rest and not one of them produced anything like the soporific results that two doses of Wagner brought about in one instant, and best of all there was no reaction. No splitting headache or shaky hand the next day, but just the calm, quiet, contented feeling that goes with the sense of having got completely rested up."

"You run a dreadful risk, however," said the Doctor, with a sarcastic smile. "The Wagner habit is a terrible thing to acquire, Mr. Idiot."

"That may be," said the Idiot. "Worse than the sulfonal habit by a great deal I am told, but I am in no danger of becoming a victim to it while it costs from five to seven dollars a dose. In addition to this experience I have also the testimony of a friend of mine who was cured of a frightful attack of the colic by Sullivan's Lost Chord played on a Cornet. He had spent the day down at Asbury Park and had eaten not wisely but too copiously. Among other things that he turned loose in his inner man were two plates of Lobster Salade, a glass of fresh cider and a saucerful of pistache ice-cream. He was a painter by profession and the color scheme he thus introduced into his digestive apparatus was too much for his artistic soul. He was not fitted by temperament to assimilate anything quite so strenuously chromatic as that, and as a consequence shortly after he had retired to his studio for the

night the conflicting tints began to get in their deadly work and within two hours he was completely doubled up. The pain he suffered was awful. Agony was bliss alongside of the pangs that now afflicted him and all the palliatives and pain killers known to man were tried without avail, and then, just as he was about to give himself up for lost, an amateur cornetist who occupied a studio on the floor above began to play the Lost Chord. A counter-pain set in immediately. At the second bar of the Lost Chord the awful pain that was gradually gnawing away at his vitals seemed to lose its poignancy in the face of the greater suffering, and physical relief was instant. As the musician proceeded the internal disorder yielded gradually to the external and finally passed away entirely, leaving him so far from prostrated that by one A. M. he was out of bed and actually girding himself with a shotgun and an Indian Club to go upstairs for a physical encounter with the cornetist."

"And you reason from this that Sullivan's Lost Chord is a cure for Cholera morbus, eh?" sneered the Doctor.

"It would seem so," said the Idiot. "While the music continued my friend was a well man ready to go out and fight like a warrior, but when the cornetist stopped—the colic returned and he had to fight it out in the old way. In these episodes in my own experience I find ample justification for my belief and that of others that some day the music cure for human ailments will be recognized and developed to the full. Families going off to the country for the summer instead of taking a medicine-chest along with them will go provided with a music-box with cylinders for mumps, measles, summer complaint, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, chills and fever and all the other ills the flesh is heir to. Scientific experiment will demonstrate before long what composition will cure specific ills. If a

baby has whooping-cough, an anxious mother, instead of ringing up the Doctor, will go to the piano and give the child a dose of Hiawatha. If a small boy goes swimming and catches a cold in his head and is down with a fever, his nurse, an expert on the accordeon, can bring him back to health again with three bars of Under the Bamboo Tree after each meal. Instead of dosing kids with cod liver oil when they need a tonic, they will be set to work at a mechanical piano and braced up on Narcissus. There'll Be a Hot Time In The Old Town To-Night will become an effective remedy for a sudden chill. People suffering from sleeplessness can dose themselves back to normal conditions again with Wagner the way I did. Tchaikowski, to be well Tshaken before taken, will be an effective remedy for a torpid liver, and the man or woman who suffers from lassitude will doubtless find in the lively airs of our two-step composers an efficient tonic to bring their vitality up to a high standard of activity. Nothing in it? Why, Doctor, there's more in it that's in sight to-day that is promising and suggestive of great things in the future than there was of the principle of gravitation in the rude act of that historic pippin that left the parent tree and swatted Sir Isaac Newton on the nose."

"And the Drug Stores will be driven out of business, I presume," said the Doctor.

"No," said the Idiot. "They will substitute music for drugs, that is all. Every man who can afford it will have his own medical phonograph or music-box, and the drug stores will sell cylinders and records for them instead of quinine, carbonate of soda, squills, paregoric and other nasty tasting things they have now. This alone will serve to popularize sickness and instead of being driven out of business their trade will pick up."

"And the Doctor? And the Doctor's gig and all the appurtenances of his profession—what becomes of them?" demanded the Doctor.

"We'll have to have the Doctor just the same to prescribe for us, only he will have to be a musician, but the gig— I'm afraid that will have to go," said the Idiot.

"And why, pray?" asked the Doctor. "Because there are no more drugs must the physician walk?"

"Not at all," said the Idiot. "But he'd be better equipped if he drove about in a piano-organ, or if he preferred an auto on a steam calliope."

THE OCTOPUSSYCAT*

BY KENYON COX

I love Octopussy, his arms are so long;
There's nothing in nature so sweet as his song.
'Tis true I'd not touch him—no, not for a farm!
If I keep at a distance he'll do me no harm.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

THE BOOK-CANVASSER

ANONYMOUS

He came into my office with a portfolio under his arm. Placing it upon the table, removing a ruined hat, and wiping his nose upon a ragged handkerchief that had been so long out of the wash that it was positively gloomy, he said,—

"Mr. ——, I'm canvassing for the National Portrait Gallery; very valuable work; comes in numbers, fifty cents apiece; contains pictures of all the great American heroes from the earliest times down to the present day. Everybody subscribing for it, and I want to see if I can't take your name.

"Now, just cast your eyes over that," he said, opening his book and pointing to an engraving. "That's—lemme see—yes, that's Columbus. Perhaps you've heard sumfin' about him? The publisher was telling me to-day before I started out that he discovered—no; was it Columbus that dis—oh, yes, Columbus he discovered America.—was the first man here. He came over in a ship, the publisher said, and it took fire, and he stayed on deck because his father told him to, if I remember right, and when the old thing busted to pieces he was killed. Handsome picture, ain't it? Taken from a photograph; all of 'em are; done especially for this work. His clothes are kinder odd, but they say that's the way they dressed in them days.

"Look at this one. Now, isn't that splendid? That's William Penn, one of the early settlers. I was reading

t'other day about him. When he first arrived he got a lot of Indians up a tree, and when they shook some apples down he set one on top of his son's head and shot an arrow plump through it and never fazed him. They say it struck them Indians cold, he was such a terrific shooter. Fine countenance, hasn't he? face shaved clean; he didn't wear a moustache, I believe, but he seems to have let himself out on hair. Now, my view is that every man ought to have a picture of that patriarch, so's to see how the fust settlers looked and what kind of weskets they used to wear. See his legs, too! Trousers a little short, maybe, as if he was going to wade in a creek; but he's all there. Got some kind of a paper in his hand, I see. Subscription-list, I reckon. Now, how does that strike you?

"There's something nice. That, I think is—is—that—a—a—yes, to be sure, Washington; you recollect him, of course? Some people call him Father of his Country. George—Washington. Had no middle name, I believe. He lived about two hundred years ago, and he was a fighter. I heard the publisher telling a man about him crossing the Delaware River up yer at Trenton, and seems to me, if I recollect right, I've read about it myself. He was courting some girl on the Jersey side, and he used to swim over at nights to see her when the old man was asleep. The girl's family were down on him, I reckon. He looks like a man to do that, don't he? He's got it in his eye. If it'd been me I'd gone over on a bridge; but he probably wanted to show off afore her; some men are so reckless, you know. Now, if you'll conclude to take this I'll get the publisher to write out some more stories, and bring 'em round to you, so's you can study up on him. I know he did ever so many other things, but I've forgot 'em; my memory's so awful poor.

"Less see! Who have we next? Ah, Franklin! Ben-

jamin Franklin! He was one of the old original pioneers, I think. I disremember exactly what he is celebrated for, but I think it was a flying a—oh, yes, flying a kite, that's it. The publisher mentioned it. He was out one day flying a kite, you know, like boys do nowadays, and while she was a-flickering up in the sky, and he was giving her more string, an apple fell off a tree and hit him on the head; then he discovered the attraction of gravitation, I think they call it. Smart, wasn't it? Now, if you or me'd 'a' ben hit, it'd just made us mad, like as not, and set us a-ravin'. But men are so different. One man's meat's another man's pison. See what a double chin he's got. No beard on him, either, though a goatee would have been becoming to such a round face. He hasn't got on a sword, and I reckon he was no soldier; fit some when he was a boy, maybe, or went out with the home-guard, but not a regular warrior. I ain't one myself, and I think all the better of him for it.

"Ah, here we are! Look at that! Smith and Pocahontas! John Smith! Isn't that gorgeous? See how she kneels over him, and sticks out her hands while he lays on the ground and that big fellow with a club tries to hammer him up. Talk about woman's love! There it is for you. Modocs, I believe; anyway, some Indians out West there, somewheres; and the publisher tells me that Captain Shackanasty, or whatever his name is, there, was going to bang old Smith over the head with a log of wood, and this here girl she was sweet on Smith, it appears, and she broke loose, and jumped forward, and says to the man with a stick, 'Why don't you let John alone? Me and him are going to marry, and if you kill him I'll never speak to you as long as I live,' or words like them, and so the man he give it up, and both of them hunted up a preacher and were married and lived happy ever after-

ward. Beautiful story, isn't it? A good wife she made him, too, I'll bet, if she was a little copper-colored. And don't she look just lovely in that picture? But Smith appears kinder sick; evidently thinks his goose is cooked; and I don't wonder, with that Modoc swooping down on him with such a discouraging club.

"And now we come to—to—ah—to—Putnam,—General Putnam: he fought in the war, too; and one day a lot of 'em caught him when he was off his guard, and they tied him flat on his back on a horse and then licked the horse like the very mischief. And what does that horse do but go pitching down about four hundred stone steps in front of the house, with General Putnam lying there nearly skeered to death! Leastways, the publisher said somehow that way, and I once read about it myself. But he came out safe, and I reckon sold the horse and made a pretty good thing of it. What surprises me is he didn't break his neck; but maybe it was a mule, for they're pretty sure-footed, you know. Surprising what some of these men have gone through, ain't it?

"Turn over a couple of leaves. That's General Jackson. My father shook hands with him once. He was a fighter, I know. He fit down in New Orleans. Broke up the rebel legislature, and then when the Ku-Kluxes got after him he fought 'em behind cotton breastworks and licked 'em till they couldn't stand. They say he was terriffic when he got real mad,—hit straight from the shoulder, and fetched his man every time. Andrew his fust name was; and look how his hair stands up.

"And then here's John Adams, and Daniel Boone, and two or three pirates, and a whole lot more pictures; so you see it's cheap as dirt. Lemme have your name, won't you?"

HER VALENTINE

BY RICHARD HOVEY

What, send her a valentine? Never!
I see you don't know who "she" is.
I should ruin my chances forever;
My hopes would collapse with a fizz.

I can't see why she scents such disaster
When I take heart to venture a word;
I've no dream of becoming her master,
I've no notion of being her lord.

All I want is to just be her lover!
She's the most up-to-date of her sex,
And there's such a multitude of her,
No wonder they call her complex.

She's a bachelor, even when married,
She's a vagabond, even when housed;
And if ever her citadel's carried
Her suspicions must not be aroused.

She's erratic, impulsive and human,
And she blunders,—as goddesses can;
But if *she's* what they call the New Woman,
Then *I'd* like to be the New Man.

I'm glad she makes books and paints pictures,
And typewrites and hoes her own row,
And it's quite beyond reach of conjectures
How much further she's going to go.

When she scorns, in the L-road, my proffer
Of a seat and hangs on to a strap;
I admire her so much, I could offer
To let her ride up on my lap.

Let her undo the stays of the ages,
That have cramped and confined her so long!
Let her burst through the frail candy cages
That fooled her to think they were strong!

She may enter life's wide vagabondage,
She may do without flutter or frill,
She may take off the chains of her bondage,—
And anything else that she will.

She may take *me* off, for example,
And she probably does when I'm gone.
I'm aware the occasion is ample;
That's why I so often take on.

I'm so glad she can win her own dollars
And know all the freedom it brings.
I love her in shirt-waists and collars,
I love her in dress-reform things.

I love her in bicycle skirtlings—
Especially when there's a breeze—
I love her in crinklings and quirklings
And anything else that you please.

I dote on her even in bloomers—
If Parisian enough in their style—
In fact, she may choose her costumers,
Wherever her fancy beguile.

She may box, she may shoot, she may wrestle,
She may argue, hold office or vote,
She may engineer turret or trestle,
And build a few ships that will float.

She may lecture (all lectures but curtain)
Make money, and naturally spend,
If I let her have *her* way, I'm certain
She'll let me have *mine* in the end!

THE WELSH RABBITTERN*

BY KENYON COX

This is a very fearsome bird
  Who sits upon men's chests at night.
With horrid stare his eyeballs glare:
  He flies away at morning's light.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright, 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

COMIC MISERIES

BY JOHN G. SAXE

I

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
  Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
  For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
  Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
  To be a funny man!

II

You're at an evening party, with
  A group of pleasant folks,—
You venture quietly to crack
  The least of little jokes:
A lady doesn't catch the point,
  And begs you to explain,—
Alas for one who drops a jest
  And takes it up again!

III

You're taking deep philosophy
  With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
  With suitable discourse:

You think you've got him,—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day!

IV

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears,
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun!

V

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love, or loaves, and fall
A prey to melancholy,
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,
They think your very grief "a joke,"
You're such a funny man!

VI

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine);

You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin!

VII

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy-tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose,—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news:—
You quarrel with your wife!

VIII

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

THE MERCHANT AND THE BOOK-AGENT

ANONYMOUS

A book-agent importuned James Watson, a rich merchant living a few miles out of the city, until he bought a book,—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then, taking it under his arm, he started for the train which takes him to his office in the city.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book-agent saw her, and went in and persuaded the wife to buy a copy of the book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back in the evening, he met his wife with a cheery smile as he said, "Well, my dear, how have you enjoyed yourself to-day? Well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes! had an early caller this morning."

"Ah, and who was she?"

"It wasn't a 'she' at all; it was a gentleman,—a book-agent."

"A what?"

"A book-agent; and to get rid of his importuning I bought his book,—the 'Early Christian Martyrs.' See, here it is," she exclaimed, advancing toward her husband.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book-agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the

same book,—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

"But, husband, we can—"

"No, we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I—"

"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book-agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Mr. Watson pounded on the window-pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens!" he shouted, "you're hitched up! Won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book-agent till I come? Run! Catch 'im now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted, "All aboard!"

"Book-agent!" he yelled, as the book-agent stepped on the train. "Book-agent, hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book-agent. "Oh, I know what he wants: he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars, for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book-agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out of the car-window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in

his shirt-sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens,—"just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book,—'Early Christian Martyrs,'—and paid—"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hands to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

THE COQUETTE

A Portrait

BY JOHN G. SAXE

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I;
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,
"Now none of your joking,—but try
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you as well as I can
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,"
("Of course!" said the pretty Lisette),
"And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then she is daintily made"
(A smile from the dainty Lisette),
"By people expert in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She's the winningest ways with the beaux,"
("Go on!"—said the winning Lisette),
"But there is n't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,"
(A sigh from the tender Lisette),
"But her weeping is all in my eye,—
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art,"
("Oh hush!" said the frowning Lisette),
"With merely the ghost of a heart,—
Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove"
("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette),
"The lady is always in love,—
In love with herself,—the Coquette!

"There,—do not be angry!—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago
To paint *you*—a thorough Coquette!"

A SPRING FEELING

BY BLISS CARMAN

I think it must be spring. I feel
All broken up and thawed.
I'm sick of everybody's "wheel";
I'm sick of being jawed.

I am too winter-killed to live,
Cold-sour through and through.
O Heavenly Barber, come and give
My soul a dry shampoo!

I'm sick of all these nincompoops,
Who weep through yards of verse,
And all these sonneteering dupes
Who whine and froth and curse.

I'm sick of seeing my own name
Tagged to some paltry line,
While this old *corpus* without shame
Sits down to meat and wine.

I'm sick of all these Yellow Books,
And all these Bodley Heads;
I'm sick of all these freaks and spooks
And frights in double leads.

A SPRING FEELING

When good Napoleon's publisher
  Was dangled from a limb,
He should have had an editor
  On either side of him.

I'm sick of all this taking on
  Under a foreign name;
For when you call it *decadent,*
  It's rotten just the same.

I'm sick of all this puling trash
  And namby-pamby rot,—
A Pegasus you have to thrash
  To make him even trot!

An Age-end Art! I would not give,
  For all their plotless plays,
One round Flagstaffian adjective
  Or one Miltonic phrase.

I'm sick of all this poppycock
  In bilious green and blue;
I'm tired to death of taking stock
  Of everything that's "New."

New Art, New Movements, and New Schools,
  All maimed and blind and halt!
And all the fads of the New Fools
  Who can not earn their salt.

I'm sick of the New Woman, too.
  Good Lord, she's worst of all.
Her rights, her sphere, her point of view,
  And all that folderol!

She makes me wish I were the snake
  Inside of Eden's wall,
To give the tree another shake,
  And see another fall.

I'm very much of Byron's mind;
  I like sufficiency;
But just the common garden kind
  Is good enough for me.

I want to find a warm beech wood,
  And lie down, and keep still;
And swear a little; and feel good;
  Then loaf on up the hill,

And let the Spring house-clean my brain
  Where all this stuff is crammed;
And let my heart grow sweet again;
  And let the Age be damned.

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES*

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE

The lips I might have tasted, rosy ripe as any cherry,
How they pair off by the dozens when my memory goes back
Across the current of the years aboard of Fancy's ferry,
Which shuns the shores of What-We-Have and touches What-We-Lack.
The girl I took t' singin'-school one night, who vowed she'd never
Before walked with a feller 'thout her mother bein' by,
I reckon that her temptin' mouth will haunt my dreams forever,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve t' try!

I recollect another girl, as chipper as a robin,
Who rode beside me in a sleigh one night through snow an' sleet,
An' both my hands I kept in use a guidin' good ol' Dobbin—
One didn't need them any mor'n a chicken needs four feet.
Too scared was I to hold her in, or warm her cheeks with kisses,—
I know, now, she expected it, for once I heard her sigh,—
To-day I'd like t' kick myself for these neglected blisses,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve t' try.

*Lippincott's Magazine.

I never kissed Rebecca, she was sober as a Quaker,
I never kissed Alvira, though I took her home one night,
That city cousin of the Smiths, a Miss Myrtilla Baker,
Though scores of opportunities slipped by me, left an' right.
It makes me hate myself to-day when I on Fancy's ferry
Have crossed the current of the years to olden days gone by,
T' think of all the lips I've missed, ripe-red as topmost cherry,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve t' try.

THE WEDDIN'

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK

Well, it's over, it's *all* over—bein' the last to leave I know *that*—and I declare, I'm that full of all the things we had to eat that John and me won't want any supper for a good hour yet, so I just ran in to tell you about it while it's on top of my mind.

It's an everlastin' shame you had to miss it! One thing, though, you'll get a trayful of the good things sent in to you, I shouldn't wonder. I know there's loads left, for I happened to slip out to the kitchen for a drink of water—I was that *dry* after all those salty nuts, and I didn't want to trouble 'em—and I saw just *heaps* of things standin' round.

Most likely you'll get a good, large plate of cake, not just a pinchin' little mite of a piece in a box. The boxes is real pretty, though, and they did look real palatial all stacked up on a table by the front door with a strange colored man, in white gloves like a pall-bearer, to hand 'em to you.

How did I get two of 'em? Why, it just happened that way. You see, when I was leavin' I missed my sun-shade and I laid my box down on the hatrack-stand while I went upstairs to look for it. I went through all the rooms, and just when I'd about given it up, why, there it was, right in my hand all the time! Wasn't it foolish? And when I came downstairs I found I'd clean forgot where I'd laid that box of cake. I hunted *everywhere,* and then

I just had to tell the man how 'twas, so he handed me another one, and I was just walkin' out the front door when, would you believe it! if there wasn't the *other* one, just as innocent, on the hatrack-stand where I had laid it. So now I have three of 'em, countin' John's.

I just can't seem to realize that Eleanor Jamison is married at last, can you? She took her time if ever anybody did. They do say she was real taken with that young college professor with the full beard and spectacles that visited there last summer, and then to think that, after all, she went and married a man with a smooth face. He wears glasses, though; that's one point in common.

Eleanor's gone off a good deal lately, don't you think so? You hadn't noticed it? But then you never was any great hand at noticin', I've noticed you weren't. Why, the other day when I was there offerin' to help 'em get ready for the weddin' I noticed that she looked real *worn,* and there was two or three little fine lines in her eye-corners—not real *wrinkles,* of course—but we all know that lines is a forerunner. Her hair's beginnin' to turn, too; I noticed that comin' out of church last Sunday. I dare say her knowing this made her less particular than she'd once have been; and after all, marryin' any husband is a good deal like buyin' a new black silk dress pattern—an awful risk.

You may look at it on both sides and hold it up to the light, and pull it to see if it'll fray and try if it'll spot, but you can't be sure what it'll do till after you've worn it a spell.

There's one advantage to the dress pattern, though—you can make 'em take it back if you mistrust it won't wear—if you haven't cut into it, that is—but when you've got a husband, why, you've *got* him, to have and to hold, for better and worse and good and all.

Yes, I'm comin' to the weddin'—I declare, when I think how careless Eleanor is about little things I can't help mistrusting what kind of a housekeeper she'll turn out. Why, when John's and my invitation came it was only printed to the church—there wasn't any reception card among it.

Now I've supplied Eleanor's folks with butter and eggs and spring chickens for thirty years, and I'd just have gone anyway, for I knew it was a mistake, but John held out that 'twasn't—that they didn't mean to have us to the house part; so to settle it I went right over and told 'em. I told Eleanor she mustn't feel put out about it—we was all mortal—and if it hadn't been for satisfyin' John I'd never have let her know how careless she'd been—of course I'd made allowance, a weddin' *is* upsettin' to the intellect—and so 'twas all right.

I had a real good view of the ceremony; but 'twasn't *their* fault that I had; it just happened that way.

When John and me got there I asked the young man at the door—he was a yusher and a stranger to me—to give us a front seat, but he said that all the front places was reserved for the relations of the bride and groom, and then I noticed that they'd tied off the middle aisle about seven pews back with white satin ribbons and a big bunch of pink roses. It seemed real impolite to invite folks to a weddin' and then take the best seats themselves.

Well, just then I happened to feel my shoelacin' gettin' loose and I stepped to one side to fix it; and when I got up from stoopin' and my gloves on and buttoned—I had to take 'em off to tie my shoe—and straightened John's cravat for him, why, there was the families on both sides just goin' in.

Of course we had to follow right along behind 'em, and when we came up to the ribbons—would you believe

it?—the big bow just untied itself—or seemed to—I heard afterward it was done by somebody pullin' a invisible wire—and we all walked through and took seats. I made John go into the pew ahead of me so's I could get out without disturbin' anybody if I should have a headache or feel faint.

When John found we was settin' with the family—he was right close up against Eleanor's mother—he was for gettin' up and movin' back. But I just whispered to him, "John Appleby, do sit still! I hear the bridal party comin'!"

Of course I didn't just *hear 'em,* but I was sure they'd be along in a minute, and I knew it wouldn't do to move our seats anyway, as if we weren't satisfied with 'em.

The church was decorated beautiful. Eleanor's folks must have cleaned out their green-house to put into it, besides *tons* of greens from the city.

Pretty near the whole of Wrenville was there, and I must say the church was a credit to the Wrenville dressmakers.

I could pick out all their different fits without any trouble.

There was Arabella Satterlee's—she shapes her backs like the top of a coffin, or sometimes they remind me more of a kite; and Sallie Ann Hodd's—she makes 'em square; and old Mrs. Tucker's—you can always tell hers by the way the armholes draw; she makes the minister's wife's. But they'd every one of 'em done their level best and I was proud of 'em.

Well, when the organ—it had been playin' low and soft all the time—changed off into the weddin' march and the bridesmaids, eight of 'em, marched up the aisle behind the eight yushers, I tell you, Miss Halliday, it was a *sight!*

They was all in pink gauzy stuff—I happened to feel one of 'em as she went by but I couldn't tell what 'twas made of; it seemed dreadful *flimsy*—and big flat hats all made of roses on their heads, and carryin' bunches of long-stemmed roses so big that they had to hold 'em in their arms like young babes.

Eleanor came behind 'em all, walkin' with her father. He always was a small-built man, and with her long trail and her veil spreadin' out so, why, I declare, you couldn't hardly see him.

I whispered to John that they looked more as if Eleanor was goin' to give her pa away than him her.

Eleanor's dress was elegant, only awful *plain*. It was made in New York at Greenleaf's. I know, because when I was upstairs lookin' for my sunshade—I told you about that, didn't I?—I happened to get into Eleanor's room by mistake, and there was the box it came in right on the bed before my eyes.

Well, when they was all past, I kept lookin' round me for the groom and wonderin' how I had come to miss him, when all at once John nudged me, and there he was right in front of me and the minister beginnin' to marry 'em, and where he had sprung from I can't tell you this livin' minute!

Came in from the vestry, did he? Well, now, I never would have thought of that!

Well, when they was most married the most ridiculous thing happened.

You see, Eleanor's father in steppin' back after givin' her away had put his foot right down on her trail and never noticed, and when it came time for the prayer Eleanor pulled and pulled—they was to kneel down on two big white satin cushions in front of 'em—but her pa never budged—just stood there with his eyes shut and

his head bowed as devout as anything—and before Eleanor could stop him, her husband—he was most her husband, anyway—had kneeled right down on to the cushion, with his eyes shut, too, I suppose, and the minister had to pray over 'em that way. I could see Eleanor's shoulders shakin' under her veil, and of course it *was* ridiculous if it hadn't been so solemn.

And then they all marched down the aisle, with the bride and groom leadin' the procession. Eleanor's veil was put back, and I noticed that she was half-laughin' yet, and her cheeks were real pink, and her eyes sort of bright and moist—she looked real handsome. Good gracious, Miss Halliday, don't ever tell me that's six o'clock! And I haven't told a thing about the presents, and who was there, and Eleanor's clothes, and what they had to eat—why, they didn't even use their own china-ware! They had a colored caterer from New York, and he brought everything—all the dishes and table-cloths and spoons and forks, besides the refreshments. I know, because just after he came I happened to carry over my eleven best forks—John broke the dozenth tryin' to pry the cork out of a bottle of raspberry vinegar the year we was married—I never take a fork to pry with—and offered to loan 'em for the weddin', but they didn't need 'em, so I just stayed a minute or two in the butler's pantry and then went home—but I saw the caterer unpackin'.

There! I knew I'd stay too long! There's John comin' in the gate after me. I must go this blessed minute.

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB

Some Curious Points in the Noble Game Unfolded

BY HENRY GUY CARLETON

When Mr. Tooter Williams entered the gilded halls of the Thompson Street Poker Club Saturday evening it was evident that fortune had smeared him with prosperity. He wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon, an expression of serene content, and a glass amethyst on his third finger whose effulgence irradiated the whole room and made the envious eyes of Mr. Cyanide Whiffles stand out like a crab's. Besides these extraordinary furbishments, Mr. Williams had his mustache waxed to fine points and his back hair was precious with the luster and richness which accompany the use of the attar of Third Avenue roses combined with the bear's grease dispensed by basement barbers on that fashionable thoroughfare.

In sharp contrast to this scintillating entrance was the coming of the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith, who had been disheveled by the heat, discolored by a dusty evangelical trip to Coney Island, and oppressed by an attack of malaria which made his eyes bloodshot and enriched his respiration with occasional hiccoughs and that steady aroma which is said to dwell in Weehawken breweries.

The game began at eight o'clock, and by nine and a series of two-pair hands and bull luck Mr. Gus Johnson was seven dollars and a nickel ahead of the game, and the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith, who was banking,

was nine stacks of chips and a dollar bill on the wrong side of the ledger. Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was cheerful as a cricket over four winnings amounting to sixty-nine cents; Professor Brick was calm, and Mr. Tooter Williams was gorgeous and hopeful, and laying low for the first jackpot, which now came. It was Mr. Whiffles's deal, and feeling that the eyes of the world were upon him, he passed around the cards with a precision and rapidity which were more to his credit than the I. O. U. from Mr. Williams which was left over from the previous meeting.

Professor Brick had nine high and declared his inability to make an opening.

Mr. Williams noticed a dangerous light come into the Reverend Mr. Smith's eye and hesitated a moment, but having two black jacks and a pair of trays, opened with the limit.

"I liffs yo' jess tree dollahs, Toot," said the Reverend Mr. Smith, getting out the wallet and shaking out a wad.

Mr. Gus Johnson, who had a four flush and very little prudence, came in. Mr. Whiffles sighed and fled.

Mr. Williams polished the amethyst, thoroughly examining a scratch on one of its facets, adjusted his collar, skinned his cards, stealthily glanced again at the expression of the Reverend Mr. Smith's eye, and said he would "Jess—jess call."

Mr. Whiffles supplied the wants of the gentleman from the pack with the mechanical air of a man who had lost all hope in a hereafter. Mr. Williams wanted one card, the Reverend Mr. Smith said he'd take about three, and Mr. Gus Johnson expressed a desire for a club, if it was not too much trouble.

Mr. Williams caught another tray, and, being secretly pleased, led out by betting a chip. The Reverend Mr.

Smith uproariously slammed down a stack of blue chips and raised him seven dollars.

Mr. Gus Johnson had captured the nine of hearts and so retired.

Mr. Williams had four chips and a dollar left.

"I sees dat seven," he said impressively, "an' I humps it ten mo'."

"Whar's de c'lateral?" queried the Reverend Mr. Smith calmly, but with aggressiveness in his eye.

Mr. Williams sniffed contemptuously, drew off the ring, and deposited it in the pot with such an air as to impress Mr. Whiffles with the idea that the jewel must have been worth at least four million dollars. Then Mr. Williams leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Whad yer goin' ter do?" asked the Reverend Mr. Smith, deliberately ignoring Mr. Williams's action.

Mr. Williams pointed to the ring and smiled.

"Liff yo' ten dollahs."

"On whad?"

"Dat ring."

"*Dat* ring?"

"Yezzah." Mr. Williams was still cool.

"Huh!" The Reverend Mr. Smith picked the ring up, examined it scientifically with one eye closed, dropped it several times as if to test its soundness, and then walked across and rasped it several times heavily on the window pane.

"Whad yo' doin' dat for?" excitedly asked Mr. Williams.

A double rasp with the ring was the Reverend Mr. Smith's only reply.

"Gimme dat jule back!" demanded Mr. Williams.

The Reverend Mr. Smith was now vigorously rubbing the setting of the stone on the floor.

"Leggo dat sparkler," said Mr. Williams again.

The Reverend Mr. Smith carefully polished off the scratches by rubbing the ring a while on the sole of his foot. Then he resumed his seat and put the precious thing back into the pot. Then he looked calmly at Mr. Williams, and leaned back in his chair as if waiting for something.

"Is yo' satisfied?" said Mr. Williams, in the tone used by men who have sustained a deep injury.

"Dis is pokah," said the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith.

"I rised yo' ten dollahs," said Mr. Williams, pointing to the ring.

"Did yer ever saw three balls hangin' over my do'?" asked the Reverend Mr. Smith. "Doesn't yo' know my name hain't Oppenheimer?"

"Whad yo' mean?" asked Mr. Williams excitedly.

"Pokah am pokah, and dar's no 'casion fer triflin' wif blue glass 'n junk in dis yar club," said the Reverend Mr. Smith.

"I liffs yo' ten dollahs," said Mr. Williams, ignoring the insult.

"Pud up de c'lateral," said the Reverend Mr. Smith. "Fo' chips is fohty, 'n a dollah's a dollah fohty, 'n dat's a dollah fohty-fo' cents."

"Whar's de fo' cents?" smiled Mr. Williams, desperately.

The Reverend Mr. Smith pointed to the ring. Mr. Williams rose indignantly, shucked off his coat, hat, vest, suspenders and scarfpin, heaped them on the table, and then sat down and glared at the Reverend Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith rolled up the coat, put on the hat, threw his own out of the window, gave the ring to Mr. Whiffles,

jammed the suspenders into his pocket, and took in the vest, chips and money.

"Dis yar's buglry!" yelled Mr. Williams.

The Reverend Mr. Smith spread out four eights and rose impressively.

"Toot," he said, "doan trifle wif Prov'dence. Because a man wars ten-cent grease 'n' gits his july on de Bowery, hit's no sign dat he kin buck agin cash in a jacker 'n' git a boodle from fo' eights. Yo's now in yo' shirt sleeves 'n' low sperrets, bud de speeyunce am wallyble. I'se willin' ter stan' a beer an' sassenger, 'n' shake 'n' call it squar'. De club 'll now 'journ."

THE BUMBLEBEAVER*

BY KENYON COX

A cheerful and industrious beast,
  He's always humming as he goes
To make mud-houses with his tail
  Or gather honey with his nose.

Although he flits from flower to flower
  He's not at all a gay deceiver.
We might take lessons by the hour
  From busy, buzzy Bumblebeaver.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

AFTER THE FUNERAL

BY JAMES M. BAILEY

It was just after the funeral. The bereaved and subdued widow, enveloped in millinery gloom, was seated in the sitting-room with a few sympathizing friends. There was that constrained look so peculiar to the occasion observable on every countenance. The widow sighed.

"How do you feel, my dear?" said her sister.

"Oh! I don't know," said the poor woman, with difficulty restraining her tears. "But I hope everything passed off well."

"Indeed it did," said all the ladies.

"It was as large and respectable a funeral as I have seen this winter," said the sister, looking around upon the others.

"Yes, it was," said the lady from next door. "I was saying to Mrs. Slocum, only ten minutes ago, that the attendance couldn't have been better—the bad going considered."

"Did you see the Taylors?" asked the widow faintly, looking at her sister. "They go so rarely to funerals that I was surprised to see them here."

"Oh, yes! the Taylors were all here," said the sympathizing sister. "As you say, they go but a little: they are *so* exclusive!"

"I thought I saw the Curtises also," suggested the bereaved woman droopingly.

"Oh, yes!" chimed in several. "They came in their

own carriage, too," said the sister, animatedly. "And then there were the Randalls and the Van Rensselaers. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had her cousin from the city with her; and Mrs. Randall wore a very black heavy silk, which I am sure was quite new. Did you see Colonel Haywood and his daughters, love?"

"I thought I saw them; but I wasn't sure. They were here, then, were they?"

"Yes, indeed!" said they all again; and the lady who lived across the way observed:

"The Colonel was very sociable, and inquired most kindly about you, and the sickness of your husband."

The widow smiled faintly. She was gratified by the interest shown by the Colonel.

The friends now rose to go, each bidding her good-by, and expressing the hope that she would be calm. Her sister bowed them out. When she returned, she said:

"You can see, my love, what the neighbors think of it. I wouldn't have had anything unfortunate to happen for a good deal. But nothing did. The arrangements couldn't have been better."

"I think some of the people in the neighborhood must have been surprised to see so many of the uptown people here," suggested the afflicted woman, trying to look hopeful.

"You may be quite sure of that," asserted the sister. "I could see that plain enough by their looks."

"Well, I am glad there is no occasion for talk," said the widow, smoothing the skirt of her dress.

And after that the boys took the chairs home, and the house was put in order.

CASEY AT THE BAT

BY ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day:
The score stood four to six with just an inning left to play;
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest
With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast;
For they thought if only Casey could get one whack, at that
They'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and so likewise did Blake,
But the former was a pudding, and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despisèd Blaikie tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blaikie safe on second and Flynn a-hugging third!

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped:
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;

"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one in the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it; and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched with hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MR. STEVENS*

BY HERBERT QUICK

Pietro: Th' offense, it seemeth me,
Is one that by mercy's extremest stretch
Might be o'erpassed.

Cosimo: Never, Pietro, never!
The Brotherhood's honor untouchable
Is touch'd thereby. We build our labyrinth
Of sacred words and potent spells, and all
The deep-involved horrors of our craft—
Its entrance hedg'd about with dreadful oaths,
And every step in thridding it made dank
By dripping terror and out-seeping awe,
Shall it be said that e'en Ludovico
May break our faith and live? Never, say I!

—*Vision of Cosimo.*

The Bellevale lodge of the Ancient Order of Christian Martyrs held its meetings in the upper story of a tall building. Mr. Alvord called for Amidon at eight, and took him up, all his boldness in the world of business replaced by wariness in the atmosphere of mystery. As he and his companion went into an anteroom and were given broad collars from which were suspended metal badges called "jewels," he felt a good deal like a spy. They walked into the lodge-room where twenty-five or thirty men with similar "jewels" sat smoking and chatting.

*From *Double Trouble*. It should be explained that Mr. Amidon is suffering from dual consciousness and in his other state is known as Eugene Brassfield. As the supposed Brassfield he has gone, while in his Amidon state of consciousness, to a meeting of the lodge to which as Brassfield he belongs.

All seemed to know him, but (much to his relief) before he could be included in the conversation, the gavel fell; certain ones with more elaborate "jewels" and more ornate collars than the rest took higher-backed and more highly upholstered chairs at the four sides of the room, another stood at the door; and still another, in complete uniform, with sword and belt, began hustling the members to seats.

"The Deacon Militant," said the wielder of the gavel, "will report if all present are known and tested members of our Dread and Mystic Conclave."

"All, Most Sovereign Pontiff," responded the Deacon Militant, who proved to be the man in the uniform, "save certain strangers who appear within the confines of our sacred basilica."

"Let them be tested," commanded the Sovereign Pontiff, "and, if brethren, welcomed; if spies, executed!"

Amidon started, and looked about for aid or avenue of escape. Seeing none, he warily watched the Deacon Militant. That officer, walking in the military fashion which, as patristic literature teaches, was adopted by the early Christians, and turning square corners, as was the habit of St. Paul and the Apostles, received whispered passwords from the two or three strangers, and, with a military salute, announced that all present had been put to the test and welcomed. Then, for the first time remembering that he was not among the strangers, so far as known to the lodge, Amidon breathed freely, and rather regretted the absence of executions.

"Bring forth the Mystic Symbols of the Order!" was the next command. The Mystic Symbols were placed on a stand in the middle of the room, and turned out to be a gilt fish about the size of a four-pound bass, a jar of human bones, and a rolled-up scroll said to contain the

Gospels. The fish, as explained by the Deacon Militant, typified a great many things connected with early Christianity, and served always as a reminder of the password of the order. The relics in the jar were the bones of martyrs. The scroll was the Book of the Law. Amidon was becoming impressed: the solemn and ornate ritual and the dreadful symbols sent shivers down his inexperienced and unfraternal spine. Breaking in with uninitiated eyes, as he had done, now seemed more and more a crime.

There was an "Opening Ode," which was so badly sung as to mitigate the awe; and an "order of business" solemnly gone through. Under the head "Good of the Order" the visiting brethren spoke as if it were a class-meeting and they giving "testimony," one of them very volubly reminding the assembly of the great principles of the order, and the mighty work it had already accomplished in ameliorating the condition of a lost and wandering world. Amidon felt that he must have been very blind in failing to note this work until it was thus forced on his notice; but he made a mental apology.

"By the way, Brassfield," said Mr. Slater during a recess preceding the initiation of candidates, "you want to give Stevens the best you've got in the Catacombs scene. Will you make it just straight ritual, or throw in some of those specialities of yours?"

"Stevens! Catacombs!" gasped Amidon, "specialties! I—"

"I wish you could have been here when I was put through," went on Mr. Slater. "I don't see how any one but a professional actor, or a person with your dramatic gifts, can do that part at all—it's so sort of ripping and—and intense, you know. I look forward to your rendition of it with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation."

"You don't expect me to do it, do you?" asked Amidon.

"Why, who else?" was the counter-question. "We can't be expected to play on the bench the best man in Pennsylvania in that part, can we?"

"Come, Brassfield," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "get on your regalia for the Catacombs. We are about to begin."

"Oh, say, now!" said Amidon, trying to be off-hand about it, "you must get somebody else."

"What's that! Some one else? Very likely we shall! Very likely!" thus the Sovereign Pontiff with fine scorn. "Come, the regalia, and no nonsense!"

"I—I may be called out at any moment," urged Amidon, amidst an outcry that seemed to indicate a breach with the Martyrs then and there. "There are reasons why—"

Edgington took him aside. "Is there any truth in this story," said he, "that you have had some trouble with Stevens, and discharged him?"

"Oh, that Stevens!" gasped Amidon, as if the whole discussion had hinged on picking out the right one among an army of Stevenses. "Yes, it's true, and I can't help confer this—"

Edgington whispered to the Sovereign Pontiff; and the announcement was made that in the Catacombs scene Brother Brassfield would be excused and Brother Bulliwinkle substituted.

"I know I never, in any plane of consciousness, saw any of this, or knew any of these things," thought Florian. "It is incredible!"

Conviction, however, was forced on him by the fact that he was now made to don a black domino and mask, and to march, carrying a tin-headed spear, with a file of similar figures to examine the candidate, who turned out to be the discharged Stevens, sitting in an anteroom,

foolish and apprehensive, and looking withal much as he he had done in the counting-room. He was now asked by the leader of the file, in a sepulchral tone, several formal questions, among others whether he believed in a Supreme Being. Stevens gulped, and said "Yes." He was then asked if he was prepared to endure any ordeal to which he might be subjected, and warned unless he possessed nerves of steel, he had better turn back—for which measure there was yet time. Stevens, in a faint voice, indicated that he was ready for the worst, and desired to go on. Then all (except Amidon) in awesome accents intoned, "Be brave and obedient, and all may yet be well!" and they passed back into the lodge-room. Amidon was now thoroughly impressed, and wondered whether Stevens would be able to endure the terrible trials hinted at.

Clad in a white robe, "typifying innocence," and marching to minor music played upon a piano, Stevens was escorted several times around the darkened room, stopping from time to time at the station of some officer, to receive highly improving lectures. Every time he was asked if he were willing to do anything, or believed anything, he said "Yes." Finally, with the Scroll of the Law in one hand, and with the other resting on the Bones of Martyrs, surrounded by the brethren, whose drawn swords and leveled spears threatened death, he repeated an obligation which bound him not to do a great many things, and to keep the secrets of the order. To Amidon it seemed really awful—albeit somewhat florid in style; and when Alvord nudged him at one passage in the obligation, he resented it as an irreverence. Then he noted that it was a pledge to maintain the sanctity of the family circle of brother Martyrs, and Alvord's reference of the night before to the obligation as affecting his association

with the "strawberry blonde" took on new and fearful meaning.

Stevens seemed to be vibrating between fright and a tendency to laugh, as the voice of some well-known fellow citizen rumbled out from behind a deadly weapon. He was marched out, to the same minor music, and the first act was ended.

The really esoteric part of it, Amidon felt, was to come, as he could see no reason for making a secret of these very solemn and edifying matters. Stevens felt very much the same way about it, and was full of expectancy when informed that the next degree would test his obedience. He highly resolved to obey to the letter.

The next act disclosed Stevens hoodwinked, and the room light. He was informed that he was in the Catacombs, familiar to the early Christians, and must make his way alone and in darkness, following the Clue of Faith which was placed in his hands. This Clue was a white cord similar to the sort used by masons (in the building-trades). He groped his way along by it to the station of the next officer, who warned him of the deadly consequences of disobedience. Thence he made his way onward, holding to the Clue of Faith—until he touched a trigger of some sort, which let down upon him an avalanche of tinware and such light and noisy articles, which frightened him so that he started to run, and was dexteriously tripped by the Deacon Militant and a spearman, and caught in a net held by two others. A titter ran about the room.

"Obey," thundered the Vice-Pontiff, "and all will be well!"

Stevens resumed the Clue. At the station of the next officer to whom it brought him, the nature of faith was explained to him, and he was given the password, "Ich-

thus," whispered so that all in that part of the room could hear the interdicted syllables. But he was adjured never, never to utter it, unless to the Guardian of the Portal on entering the lodge, to the Deacon Militant on the opening thereof, or to a member, when he, Stevens, should become Sovereign Pontiff. Then he was faced toward the Vice-Pontiff, and told to answer loudly and distinctly the questions asked him.

"What is the lesson inculcated in this Degree?" asked the Vice-Pontiff from the other end of the room.

"Obedience!" shouted Stevens in reply.

"What is the password of this Degree?"

"Ichthus!" responded Stevens.

A roll of stage-thunder sounded deafeningly over his head. The piano was swept by a storm of bass passion; and deep cries of "Treason! Treason!" echoed from every side. Poor Stevens tottered, and fell into a chair placed by the Deacon Militant. He saw the enormity of the deed of shame he had committed. He had told the password!

"You have all heard this treason," said the Sovereign Pontiff, in the deepest of chest-tones—"a treason unknown in all the centuries of the past! What is the will of the conclave?"

"I would imprecate on the traitor's head," said a voice from one of the high-backed chairs, "the ancient doom of the Law!"

"Doom, doom!" said all in unison, holding the "oo" in a most blood-curdling way. "Pronounce doom!"

"One fate, and one alone," pronounced the Sovereign Pontiff, "can be yours. Brethren, let him forthwith be encased in the Chest of the Clanking Chains, and hurled from the Tarpeian Rock, to be dashed in fragments at its stony base!"

Amidon's horror was modified by the evidences of repressed glee with which this sentence was received. Yet he felt a good deal of concern as they brought out a great chest, threw the struggling Stevens into it, slammed down the ponderous lid and locked it. Stevens kicked at the lid, but said nothing. The members leaped with joy. A great chain was brought and wrapped clankingly about the chest.

"Let me out," now yelled the Christian Martyr. "Let me out, damn you!"

"Doom, do-o-o-oom!" roared the voices; and said the Sovereign Pontiff in impressive tones, "Proceed with the execution!"

Now the chest was slung up to a hook in the ceiling, and gradually drawn back by a pulley until it was far above the heads of the men, the chains meanwhile clanking continually against the receptacle, from which came forth a stream of smothered profanity.

"Hurl him down to the traitor's death!" shouted the Sovereign Pontiff. The chest was loosed, and swung like a pendulum lengthwise of the room, down almost to the floor and up nearly to the ceiling. The profanity now turned into a yell of terror. The Martyrs slapped one another's backs and grew blue in the face with laughter. At a signal, a light box was placed where the chest would crush it (which it did with a sound like a small railway collision); the chest was stopped and the lid raised.

"Let the body receive Christian burial," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "Our vengeance ceases with death."

This truly Christian sentiment was received with universal approval. Death seemed to all a good place at which to stop.

"Brethren," said the Deacon Militant, as he struggled with the resurgent Stevens, "there seems some life here! Methinks the heart beats, and—"

The remainder of the passage from the ritual was lost to Amidon by reason of the fact that Stevens had placed one foot against the Deacon's stomach and hurled that august officer violently to the floor.

"Let every test of life be applied," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "Perchance some higher will than ours decrees his preservation. Take the body hence for a time; if possible, restore him to life, and we will consider his fate."

The recess which followed was clearly necessary to afford an opportunity for the calming of the risibilities of the Martyrs. The stage, too, had to be reset. Amidon's ethnological studies had not equaled his reading in *belles-lettres,* and he was unable to see the deep significance of these rites from an historical standpoint, and that here was a survival of those orgies to which our painted and skin-clad ancestors devoted themselves in spasms of religious frenzy, gazed at by the cave-bear and the mammoth. The uninstructed Amidon regarded them as inconceivable horse-play. While thus he mused, Stevens, who was still hoodwinked and being greatly belectured on the virtue of Faith and the duty of Obedience, reëntered on his ordeal.

He was now informed by the officer at the other end of the room that every man must ascend into the Mountains of Temptation and be tested, before he could be pronounced fit for companionship with Martyrs. Therefore, a weary climb heavenward was before him, and a great trial of his fidelity. On his patience, daring and fortitude depended all his future in the Order. He was marched to a ladder and bidden to ascend.

"I," said the Deacon Militant, "upon this companion stair will accompany you."

But there was no other ladder and the Deacon Militant had to stand upon a chair.

Up the ladder labored Stevens, but, though he climbed manfully, he remained less than a foot above the floor. The ladder went down like a treadmill, as Stevens climbed —it was an endless ladder rolled down on Stevens' side and up on the other. The Deacon Militant, from his perch on the chair, encouraged Stevens to climb faster so as not to be outstripped. With labored breath and straining muscles he climbed, the Martyrs rolling on the floor in merriment all the more violent because silent. Amidon himself laughed to see this strenuous climb, so strikingly like human endeavor, which puts the climber out of breath, and raises him not a whit—except in temperature. At the end of perhaps five minutes, when Stevens might well have believed himself a hundred feet above the roof, he had achieved a dizzy height of perhaps six feet, on the summit of a stage-property mountain, where he stood beside the Deacon Militant, his view of the surrounding plain cut off by papier-mâché clouds, and facing a foul fiend, to whom the Deacon Militant confided that here was a candidate to be tested and qualified. Whereupon the foul fiend remarked "Ha, ha!" and bade them bind him to the Plutonian Thunderbolt and hurl him down to the nether world. The thunderbolt was a sort of toboggan on rollers, for which there was a slide running down presumably to the nether world, above mentioned.

The hoodwink was removed, and Stevens looked about him, treading warily, like one on the top of a tower; the great height of the mountain made him giddy. Obediently he lay face downward on the thunderbolt, and yielded up his wrists and ankles to fastenings provided for them.

"They're not going to lower him with those cords, are they?"

It was a stage-whisper from the darkness which spake thus.

"Oh, I guess it's safe enough!" said another, in the same sort of agitated whisper.

"Safe!" was the reply. "I tell you, it's sure to break! Some one stop 'em—"

To the heart of the martyred Stevens these words struck panic. But as he opened his mouth to protest, the catastrophe occurred. There was a snap, and the toboggan shot downward. Bound as he was, the victim could see below him a brick wall right across the path of his descent. He was helpless to move; it was useless to cry out. For all that, as he felt in imagination the crushing shock of his head driven like a battering-ram against this wall, he uttered a roar such as from Achilles might have roused armed nations to battle. And even as he did so, his head touched the wall, there was a crash, and Stevens lay safe on a mattress after his ten-foot slide, surrounded by fragments of red-and-white paper which had lately been a wall. He was pale and agitated, and generally done for; but tremendously relieved when he had assured himself of the integrity of his cranium. This he did by repeatedly feeling of his head, and looking at his fingers for sanguinary results. As Amidon looked at him, he repented of what he had done to this thoroughly maltreated fellow man. After the Catacombs scene, which was supposed to be impressive, and some more of the "secret" work, everybody crowded about Stevens, now invested with the collar and "jewel" of Martyrhood, and laughed, and congratulated him as on some great achievement, while he looked half-pleased and holf-bored. Amidon, with the rest, greeted him, and told him that after his vacation was over, he hoped to see him back at the office.

"That was a fine exemplification of the principles of the Order," said Alvord as they went home.

"What was?" said Amidon.

"Hiring old Stevens back," answered Alvord. "You've got to live your principles, or they don't amount to much."

"Suppose some fellow should get into a lodge," asked Amidon, "who had never been initiated?"

"Well," said Alvord, "there isn't much chance of that. I shouldn't dare to say. You can't tell what the fellows would do when such sacred things were profaned, you know. You couldn't tell what they might do!"

THE WILD BOARDER

BY KENYON COX

His figure's not noted for grace;
You may not much care for his face;
  But a twenty-yard dash,
  When he hears the word "hash,"
He can take at a wonderful pace.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

DE GRADUAL COMMENCE

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

Oui, Oui, M'sieu, I'm mos' happee,
  My ches' wid proud expan',
I feel de bes' I evere feel,
  An' over all dis lan'
Dere's none set op so moch as me;
  You'll know w'en I am say
My leddle daughter Madeline
  Is gradual to-day.

She is de ver' mos' smartes' gairl
  Dat I am evere know,
I'm fin' dis out, de teacher, he
  Is tol' me dat is so;
She is so smart dat she say t'ings
  I am no understan',
She is know more dan any one
  Dat leeve on ol' Ste. Anne.

De Gradual Commence is hol'
  Down at de gr'ad beeg hall,
W'ere plaintee peopl' can gat seat
  For dem to see it all.
De School Board wid dere presi*dent,*
  Dey sit opon front row,
Dey look so stiff an' dignify,
  For w'at I am not know.

De classe dat mak' de "gradual"
Dey're on de stage, you see,
In semi-cirque dat face de peop',
Some scare as dey can be;
Den wan of dem dey all mak' spe'k,
Affer de nodder's t'roo,
Dis tak' dem 'bout t'ree hour an' half
De hull t'ing for to do.

Ma Madeline she is all feex op,
Mos' beautiful to see,
In nice w'ite drass, my wife he buy
Overe to Kankakee.
An' when she rise to mak' de spe'k
How smart she look on face,
Dey all expec' somet'ing dey hear,
Dere's hush fall on de place.

She tell us how to mak' de leeve,
How raise beeg familee;
She tell it all so smood an' plain
Dat you can't help but see;
An' how she learn her all of dat
Ees more dan I can say,
But she is know it, for she talk
In smartes' kind of way.

W'en all is t'roo de pres*i*d*ent*
De sheepskin he geeve 'way;
Dey're all nice print opon dem,
An' dis is w'at dey say:
"To dem dat is concern' wid dese
Pres*ents* you onderstan'
De h'owner dese; is gradual
At High School on Ste. Anne."

An' now dat she is gradual
She ees know all about
De world an' how to mak' it run
From inside to de out;
For dis is one de primere t'ings
W'at she is learn, you see,
Dat long beeg word I can pronounce,
It's call philosophee.

An' you can' blame me if I am
Ver' proud an' puff op so,
To hav' a daughter like dis wan
Dat's everyt'ing she know.
No wonder dat I gat beeg head,
My hat's too small, dey say—
Ma leddle daughter Madeline
Is gradual to-day.

ABOU BEN BUTLER

BY JOHN PAUL

Abou, Ben Butler (may his tribe be less!)
Awoke one night from a deep bottledness,
And saw, by the rich radiance of the moon,
Which shone and shimmered like a silver spoon,
A stranger writing on a golden slate
(Exceeding store had Ben of spoons and plate),
And to the stranger in his tent he said:
"Your little game?" The stranger turned his head,
And, with a look made all of innocence,
Replied: "I write the name of Presidents."
"And is mine one?" "Not if this court doth know
Itself," replied the stranger. Ben said, "Oh!"
And "Ah!" but spoke again: "Just name your price
To write me up as one that may be Vice."

The stranger up and vanished. The next night
He came again, and showed a wondrous sight
Of names that haply yet might fill the chair—
But, lo! the name of Butler was not there!

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

When legislators keep the law,
  When banks dispense with bolts and locks,—
When berries—whortle, rasp, and straw—
  Grow bigger *downwards* through the box,—

When he that selleth house or land
  Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—
When haberdashers choose the stand
  Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,
  And party leaders all they mean,—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
  From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,
  And doctors give what they would take,—
When city fathers eat to live,
  Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale
  Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
  That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips
  Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
  Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
  The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbor not
  Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,
  And pay for what they stole before,—
When the first locomotive's wheel
  Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore;—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
  And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
  Then order your ascension robe!

IT PAYS TO BE HAPPY*

BY TOM MASSON

She is so gay, so very gay,
And not by fits and starts,
But ever, through each livelong day
She's sunshine to all hearts.

A tonic is her merry laugh!
So wondrous is her power
That listening grief would stop and chaff
With her from hour to hour.

Disease before that cheery smile
Grows dim, begins to fade.
A Christian scientist, meanwhile,
Is this delightful maid.

And who would not throw off dull care
And be like unto her,
When happiness brings, as her share,
One hundred dollars per ——?

* Lippincott's Magazine.

JAMES AND REGINALD

BY EUGENE FIELD

Once upon a Time there was a Bad boy whose Name was Reginald and there was a Good boy whose Name was James. Reginald would go Fishing when his Mamma told him Not to, and he Cut off the Cat's Tail with the Bread Knife one Day, and then told Mamma the Baby had Driven it in with the Rolling Pin, which was a Lie. James was always Obedient, and when his Mamma told him not to Help an old Blind Man across the street or Go into a Dark Room where the Boogies were, he always Did What She said. That is why they Called him Good James. Well, by and by, along Came Christmas. Mamma said, You have been so Bad, my son Reginald, you will not Get any Presents from Santa Claus this Year; but you, my son James, will get Oodles of Presents, because you have Been Good. Will you Believe it, Children, that Bad boy Reginald said he didn't Care a Darn and he Kicked three Feet of Veneering off the Piano just for Meanness. Poor James was so sorry for Reginald that he cried for Half an Hour after he Went to Bed that Night. Reginald lay wide Awake until he saw James was Asleep and then he Said if these people think they can Fool me, they are Mistaken. Just then Santa Claus came down the Chimney. He had Lots of Pretty Toys in a Sack on his Back. Reginald shut his Eyes and Pretended to be Asleep. Then Santa Claus Said, Reginald is Bad and I will not Put any nice Things in his Stocking. But

as for you, James, I will Fill your Stocking Plum full of Toys, because You are Good. So Santa Claus went to Work and Put, Oh! heaps and Heaps of Goodies in James' stocking, but not a Sign of a Thing in Reginald's stocking. And then he Laughed to himself and Said I guess Reginald will be Sorry to-morrow because he Was so Bad. As he said this he Crawled up the chimney and rode off in his Sleigh. Now you can Bet your Boots Reginald was no Spring Chicken. He just Got right Straight out of Bed and changed all those Toys and Truck from James' stocking into his own. Santa Claus will Have to Sit up all Night, said He, when he Expects to get away with my Baggage. The next morning James got out of Bed and when He had Said his Prayers he Limped over to his Stocking, licking his chops and Carrying his Head as High as a Bull going through a Brush Fence. But when he found there was Nothing in his stocking and that Reginald's Stocking was as Full as Papa Is when he comes home Late from the Office, he Sat down on the Floor and began to Wonder why on Earth he had Been such a Good boy. Reginald spent a Happy Christmas and James was very Miserable. After all, Children, it Pays to be Bad, so Long as you Combine Intellect with Crime.

BANTY TIM

REMARKS OF SERGEANT TILMON JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S COMMITTEE OF SPUNKY POINT, ILLINOIS

BY JOHN HAY

I reckon I git your drift, gents,—
  You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a white man's country;
  You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
  The times bein' all out o' j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
  From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute:
  I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
  For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
  To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
  Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
  In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
  Ef Tim shill go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
  Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
  Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I stayed behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me,—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned!
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The Rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

EVENING

By A Tailor

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom;—I can feel
With all around me;—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

THE OLD SETTLER

His Reasons for Thinking there is Natural Gas in Deep Rock Gulley

BY ED. MOTT

"I see by the papers, Squire," said the Old Settler, "that they're a-finding signs o' coal ile an' nat'ral gas like sixty here an' thar in deestric's not so terrible fur from here, an' th't konsekently land they usety beg folks to come an' take offen their hands at any price at all is wuth a dollar now, jist for a peep over the stun wall at it. The minute a feller finds signs o' ile or nat'ral gas on his plantation he needn't lug home his supplies in a quart jug no more, but kin roll 'em in by the bar'l, fer signs o' them kind is wuth more an inch th'n a sartin-per-sure grass an' 'tater farm is wuth an acre."

"Guess yer huggin' the truth pooty clus fer wunst, Major," replied the Squire, "but th' hain't none o' them signs ez likely to strike anywhar in our bailiwick ez lightnin' is to kill a crow roostin' on the North Pole. Thuz one thing I've alluz wanted to see," continued the Squire, "but natur' has ben agin me an' I hain't never seen it, an' that thing is the h'istin' of a balloon. Th' can't be no balloons h'isted nowhar, I'm told, 'nless thuz gas to h'ist it with. I s'pose if we'd ha' had gas here, a good many fellers with balloons 'd ha' kim 'round this way an' showed us a balloon raisin' ev'ry now an' then. Them must be lucky deestric's that's got gas, an' I'd like to hev somebody strike it 'round here some'rs, jist fer the sake o' hav-

in' the chance to see a balloon h'istin' 'fore I turn my toes up. But that's 'bout ez liable to happen ez it is fer to go out an' find a silver dollar rollin' up hill an' my name gouged in it."

"Don't ye be so consarned sure o' that, Squire," said the Old Settler mysteriously, and with a knowing shake of his head. "I've been a-thinkin' a leetle sence readin' 'bout them signs o' gas, b'gosh! I hain't been only thinkin', but I've been a-recollectin', an' the chances is th't me an' you'll see wonders yet afore we paddle over Jurdan. I'm a-gointer tell ye fer w'y, but I hadn't orter, Squire, an' if it wa'n't fer makin' ye 'shamed o' yerself, an' showin' th't truth squashed in the mud is bound to git up agin if ye give her time, I wouldn't do it. Ye mowt remember th't jist ten years ago this month I kim in from a leetle b'ar hunt. I didn't bring in no b'ar, but I fotched back an up-an'-up account o' how I had shot one, on' how th' were sumpin' fearful an' queer an' amazin' in the p'formances o' that b'ar arter bein' shot. Mebby ye 'member me a-tellin' ye that story, Squire, an' you a-tellin' me right in my teeth th't ye know'd th't some o' yer friends had took to lyin', but th't ye didn't think any of 'em had it so bad ez that. But I hain't a-holdin' no gredge, an' now I'll tell ye sumpin' that'll s'prise ye.

"Ez I tol' ye at the time, Squire, I got the tip ten year ago this month, th't unless somebody went up to Steve Groner's hill place an' poured a pound or two o' lead inter a big b'ar th't had squatted on tha' farm, th't Steve wouldn't hev no live-stock left to pervide pork an' beef fer his winterin' over, even if he managed to keep hisself an' fam'ly theirselfs from linin' the b'ar's innards. I shouldered my gun an' went up to Steve's to hev some fun with bruin, an' to save Steve's stock, an' resky him an' his folks from the rampagin' b'ar.

" 'He's a rip-snorter,' Steve says to me, w'en I got thar. 'He don't think nuthin' o' luggin' off a cow,' he says, 'an' ye don't wanter hev yer weather eye shet w'en you an' him comes together,' he says.

" 'B'ars,' I says to Steve, 'b'ars is nuts fer me, an' the bigger an' sassier they be,' I says, 'the more I inj'y 'em,' I says, an' with that I clim' inter the woods to show bruin th't th' wa'n't room enough here below fer me an' him both. Tain't necessary fer me to tell o' the half-dozen or more lively skrimmages me an' that b'ar had ez we follered an' chased one another round an' round them woods —how he'd hide ahind some big tree or stumps, an' ez I went by, climb on to me with all four o' his feet an' yank an' bite an' claw an' dig meat an' clothes offen me till I slung him off an' made him skin away to save his bacon; an' how I'd lay the same way fer him, an' w'en he come sneakin' 'long arter me agin, pitch arter him like a mad painter, an' swat an' pound an' choke an' rassel him till his tongue hung out, till I were sorry for him, an' let him git away inter the brush agin to recooperate fer the next round. 'Tain't wuth w'ile fer me to say anything 'bout them little skrimmages 'cept the last un, an' that un wa'n't a skrimmage but sumpin' that'd 'a' skeert some folks dead in their tracks.

"Arter havin' a half-dozen or so o' rassels with this big b'ar, jist fer fun, I made up my mind, ez 'twere gettin' late, an' ez Steve Groner's folks was mebby feelin' anxious to hear which was gointer run the farm, them or the b'ar, th't the next heat with bruin would be for keeps. I guess the ol' feller had made up his mind the same way, fer w'en I run agin him the las' time, he were riz up on his hind legs right on the edge o' Deep Rock Gulley, and were waitin' fer me with his jaws wide open. I unslung my gun, an' takin' aim at one o' the b'ar's forepaws,

thought I'd wing him an' make him come away from the edge o' the gulley 'fore I tackled him. The ball hit the paw, an' the b'ar throw'd 'em both up. But he throw'd 'em up too fur, an' he fell over back'rd, an' went head foremost inter the gulley. Deep Rock Gulley ain't an inch less'n fifty foot from top to bottom, an' the walls is ez steep ez the side of a house. I went up to the edge an' looked over. Ther' were the b'ar layin' on his face at the bottom, whar them queer cracks is in the ground, an' he were a-howlin' like a hurricane and kickin' like a mule. Ther' he laid, and he wa'n't able to rise up. Th' wa'n't no way o' gettin' down to him 'cept by tumblin' down ez he had, an' if ever anybody were poppin' mad I were, ez I see my meat a-layin' at the bottom o' that gulley, an' the crows a-getherin' to hev a picnic with it. The more I kept my eyes on that b'ar the madder I got, an' I were jist about to roll and tumble an' slide down the side o' that gulley ruther than go back home an' say th't I'd let the crows steal a b'ar away from me, w'en I see a funny change comin' over the b'ar. He didn't howl so much, and his kicks wa'n't so vicious. Then his hind parts began to lift themse'fs up offen the ground in a cur'ous sort o' way, and swung an' bobbed in the air. They kep' raisin' higher an' higher, till the b'ar were act'ally standin' on his head, an' swayin' to and fro ez if a wind were blowin' him an' he couldn't help it. The sight was so oncommon out o' the reg'lar way b'ars has o' actin' that it seemed skeery, an' I felt ez if I'd ruther be home diggin' my 'taters. But I kep' on gazin' at the b'ar a-circusin' at the bottom o' the gulley, an 't wa'n't long 'fore the hull big carcase begun to raise right up offen the ground an' come a-floatin' up outen the gulley, fer all the world ez if 't wa'n't more'n a feather. The b'ar come up-'ards tail foremost, an' I noticed th't he looked consid'able

puffed out like, makin' him seem lik' a bar'l sailin' in the air. Ez the b'ar kim a-floatin' out o' the dep's I could feel my eyes begin to bulge, an' my knees to shake like a jumpin' jack's. But I couldn't move no more'n a stun wall kin, an' thar I stood on the edge o' the gulley, starin' at the b'ar ez it sailed on up to'rd me. The b'ar were making a desper't effort to git itself back to its nat'ral p'sition on all fours, but th' wa'n't no use, an' up he sailed, tail foremost, an' lookin' ez if he were gointer bust the next minute, he were swelled out so. Ez the b'ar bobbed up and passed by me I could ha' reached out an' grabbed him by the paw, an' I think he wanted me to, the way he acted, but I couldn't ha' made a move to stop him, not if he'd ha' ben my gran'mother. The b'ar sailed on above me, an' th' were a look in his eyes th't I won't never fergit. It was a skeert look, an' a look that seemed to say th't it were all my fault, an' th't I'd be sorry fer it some time. The b'ar squirmed an' struggled agin comin' to setch an' onheerdon end, but up'ard he went, tail foremost, to'ard the clouds.

"I stood thar par'lyzed w'ile the b'ar went up'ard. The crows that had been settlin' round in the trees, 'spectin' to hev a bully meal, went to flyin' an' scootin' around the onfortnit b'ar, an' yelled till I were durn nigh deef. It wa'n't until the b'ar had floated up nigh onto a hundred yards in the air, an' begun to look like a flyin' cub, that my senses kim back to me. Quick ez a flash I rammed a load inter my rifle, wrappin' the ball with a big piece o' dry linen, not havin' time to tear it to the right size. Then I took aim an' let her go. Fast ez the ball went, I could see that the linen round it had been sot on fire by the powder. The ball overtook the b'ar and bored a hole in his side. Then the funniest thing of all happened. A streak o' fire a yard long shot out o' the b'ar's side where

the bullet had gone in, an' ez long ez that poor bewitched b'ar were in sight—fer o' course I thort at the time th't the b'ar were bewitched—I could see that streak o' fire sailin' along in the sky till it went out at last like a shootin' star. I never knowed w'at become o' the b'ar, an' the hull thing were a startlin' myst'ry to me, but I kim home, Squire, an' tol' ye the story, jest ez I've tol' ye now, an' ye were so durn polite th't ye said I were a liar. But sence, I've been a-thinkin' an' recollectin'. Squire, I don't hold no gredge. The myst'ry's plain ez day, now. We don't want no better signs o' gas th'n th't, do we, Squire?"

"Than what?" said the Squire.

"Than what!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Than that b'ar, o' course! That's w'at ailed him. It's plain enough th't thuz nat'ral gas on the Groner place, an' th't it leaks outen the ground in Deep Rock Gulley. W'en that b'ar tumbled to the bottom that day, he fell on his face. He were hurt so th't he couldn't get up. O' course the gas didn't shut itself off, but kep' on a-leakin' an' shot up inter the b'ar's mouth and down his throat. The onfortnit b'ar couldn't help hisself, an' bimby he were filled with gas like a balloon, till he had to float, an' away he sailed, up an' up an' up. W'en I fired at the b'ar, ez he was floatin' to'ard the clouds, the linen on the bullet carried fire with it, an' w'en the bullet tapped the b'ar's side the burnin' linen sot it on fire, showin' th't th' can't be no doubt 'bout it bein' gas th't the b'ar swallered in Deep Rock Gulley. So ye see, Squire, I wa'n't no liar, an' the chances is all in favor o' your seein' a balloon h'isted from gas right in yer own bailiwick afore ye turn up yer toes."

The Squire gazed at the Old Settler in silent amazement for a minute or more. Then he threw up his hands and said:

"Wal—I'll—be—durned!"

VERRE DEFINITE

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

It' verre long, long tam', ma frien',
I'm leeve on Bourbonnais,
I'm keep de gen'rale merchandise,
I'm prom'nent man, dey say;
I'm sell mos' every t'ing dere ees,
From sulky plow to sock,
I don' care w'at you ask me for,
You'll fin' it in my stock.

Las' w'ek dere was de *petite fille*
Of ma frien', Gosse, he com'
Into to ma shop to get stock*ing*,
She want to buy her som';
She was herself not verre ol',
Near twelve year, I suppose;
She com' to me an' say, "M'sieu,
I wan' to buy som' hose."

I always mak' de custom rule,
No matter who it ees,
To be polite an' eloquent
In transack of ma beez;
I say to her, "For who you wan'
Dese stockings to be wear?"
She say she need wan pair herself,
Also for small bruddére.

She say her bruddére's eight years ol'
An' coming almos' nine,
An' I am twelve, mos' near t'irteen,
Dat size will do for mine:
An' modder she will tak' beeg pair,
She weigh 'bout half a ton,
She wan' de size of forty year
Going on forty-one.

THE TALKING HORSE

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

Upon a fence across the way was posted a "twenty-four sheet block stand," and along the top, in big red letters, it read:

"H. Wellington Sheldon Presents"

Then followed the names of a half dozen famous operatic stars.

Bat Scranton sat regarding it silently for a long time; but after he had placed himself behind his third big cigar he joined in the talk.

"In fifteen years dubbing about this great and glorious," said he, "I never run across a smoother piece of goods than old Cap. Sheldon. To see him, now, in his plug hat, frock coat and white English whiskers, you'd spot him as the main squeeze in a prosperous bank. He's doing the Frohman stunt, too," and Bat nodded toward the poster, "and he handles it with exceeding grace. When I see him after the curtain falls upon a bunch of Verdi or Wagner stuff, come out and bow his thanks to a house full of the town's swellest, and throw out a little spiel with an aristocratic accent, I always think of the time when I first met him.

"Were any of you ever in Langtry, Ohio? Well, never take a chance on it if there is anywhere else to go. It's a tank town with a community of seven hundred of the

tightest wads that ever sunk a dollar into the toe of a sock. There was a fair going on in the place, and I blew in there one September day; my turn just then was taking orders for crayon portraits of rural gentlemen with horny hands and plenty of chin fringe. I figure it out that about sixty per cent. of the parlors in the middle west are adorned with one or more of these works of art, but Langtry, Ohio, would not listen to the proposition for a moment; as soon as they discovered that I wasn't giving the stuff away they sort of lost interest in me and mine; so I began to study the time-table and kick off the preliminary dust of the burg, preparatory to seeking a new base of operations.

"As I made my way to the station I caught my first glimpse of Cap. Sheldon. He had a satchel hanging from around his neck and was winsomely wrapping ten dollar notes up with small cylinders of soap and offering to sell them at one dollar a throw.

" 'How are they going,' says I.

" 'Not at all,' says he. 'There's nothing to it that I can see. The breed and seed of Solomon himself must have camped down in this section; they are the wisest lot I ever saw herd together. Instead of chewing straws and leaning over fences after the customary and natural manner of ruminates, they pike around with a calm, cold-blooded sagacity that is truly awesome. It's me to pull out as soon as I can draw expenses.'

"The next time Cap. dawned upon my vision was a year afterward, down in Georgia. He was doing the ballyho oration in front of a side wall circus in a mellifluous style that was just dragging the tar heels up to the entrance.

" 'It's a little better than the Ohio gag,' says he, 'but I've seen better, at that. I had a good paying faro outfit in Cincinnati since I met you, but the police got sore be-

cause I wouldn't cut the takings in what they considered the right place, so they closed me up.'

"During the next five years I met Cap. in every section of the country, and handling various propositions. In San Francisco I caught him in the act of selling toy balloons on a street corner; in Chicago he was disposing of old line life insurance with considerable effect; at a county fair, somewhere in Iowa, I ran across him as he gracefully manipulated the shells.

"But Cap. did not break permanently into the show business until he coupled up with the McClintock in Milwaukee. Mac was an Irish Presbyterian, and was proud of it; he came out of the Black North and was the most acute harp, mentally, that I had ever had anything to do with. The Chosen People are not noted for commercial density; but a Jew could enter Mac's presence attired in the height of fashion and leave it with only his shoe strings and a hazy recollection as to how the thing was done.

"Now, when a team like Cap. and Mac took to pulling together, there just naturally had to be something doing. They began with a small show under canvas, and their main card was a twenty-foot boa-constrictor, which they billed as 'Mighty Mardo.' Then they had a boy with three legs, one of which they neglected to state was made of wood; also a blushing damsel with excess embonpoint to the extent of four hundred pounds. With this outfit they campaigned for one season; in the fall they bought a museum in St. Louis and settled themselves as impresarios.

"Now, in my numerous meetings with Cap. I had never thought to ask his name, so when I saw an 'ad' in the *Clipper* stating that Sheldon & McClintock was in need of a good full-toned lecturer that doubled in brass, I just

sat me down in my ignorance and dropped them a line. They sent me a ticket to where I was sidetracked up in Michigan, and I hurried down.

" 'Oh, it's you, is it?' says Cap., as I piked into the ten by twelve office and announced myself. 'Well, I've heard you throw a spiel and think you'll do. But I didn't know that you played brass. What's your instrument?'

"Now, I had a faint sentiment from the beginning that this clause in their bill of requirements would get me into trouble, for I knew no more about band music than a he goat knows about the book of common prayer.

" 'I do the cymbals,' says I.

" 'What!' snorts Cap., rearing up; 'I thought you wrote that you played brass?'

" 'Well,' says I, 'ain't cymbals brass?'

"It must have been my cold nerve that won Cap.'s regard, for he placed me as 'curio hall' lecturer and advertising man at twenty a week.

"The museum of Sheldon & McClintock proved to be a great notch. More fake freaks were thought out, worked up and exhibited during the course of that winter season than I would care to count. Then there was a small theater attached in which they put on very bad specialties and where painful-voiced young men and women warbled sentimental ballads about their childhood homes and stuff of that character. These got about ten dollars a week and had to do about thirty turns a day; they lived in their make-up and got so accustomed to grease paint before the end of their engagements that they felt only half dressed without it.

"The trick made money, and in about a year McClintock cut loose and went into a patent promoting scheme.

"Shortly afterward the first 'continuous house' was opened in St. Louis, and the novelty of the thing was a

body blow to Cap. He made a good fight, but lost money every day; and at last he imparted to me in confidence that if business did not improve he could see himself getting out the shells and limbering up on them preparatory to going out and facing the world once more.

"'The bank will stand for three hundred thousand dollars' worth more of my checks,' says he, 'and after they're used up I'm done.'

"He began to cut down expenses with the reckless energy of a man who saw the poor-house looming ahead for him; the results was that his bad shows grew worse, and the attendance wasn't enough to dust off the seats. The biggest item of expense about the place was 'Mighty Mardo,' the boa-constrictor; his diet was live rabbits, and a twenty-foot snake with a body as thick as a four-inch pipe can dispose of good and plenty of them when he takes the notion. Cap. began to feed him live rats, and the mighty one soon began to show the effects of it.

"'He'll die on you,' says I to Cap. one day.

"'Let him,' says he; 'the rabbits stay cut out.'

"One day a fellow came along with a high-schooled horse that he wanted to sell. He had more use for ready money just then than he had for the nag, so he offered to put it in cheap. But Cap. waved him away.

"'I'll need the money to buy meals with before long,' says he to the fellow, 'so tempt me not to my going hungry.'

"This little incident seemed to make the old man feel bad; he locked himself up in the office for four hours or so communing with his inner self; but when he came out he was looking bright and gay.

"'Say,' says he, 'I've changed my mind and just bought that horse.'

"'I didn't see the man come back,' says I.

"'I made the deal over the 'phone,' says Cap. Then he pushes a thick wad of penciled stuff at me. 'Here's some truck I want you to take over to the printing house,' he goes on. 'When it's out and up the brute will be well known.'

"I takes a look over the copy, and my hat was lifted two inches straight off my head. The first one read something like this:

ADMIRAL

THE TALKING HORSE

TALKS LIKE A HUMAN BEING
VOCAL ORGANS DEVELOPED LIKE THOSE OF
A MAN
HEAR HIM SING THE BASS SOLO
"DOWN IN THE DEPTHS"

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

TO ANY ONE PROVING THESE CLAIMS
FAKE IN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE

"'Reads good, don't it?' asks Cap., sort of beaming through his nose-pinzes. 'But give a look at the others.'

"The next one was as bad as the first:

ADMIRAL!!!

THE HORSE WHO RECITES
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
IN A DEEP BASS VOICE
AND WITH PERFECT ENUNCIATION

"'I didn't hear the fellow say the skate could do that kind of stuff,' says I, just a bit dazed, after looking over a lot more of it.

"'He only handed it to me as a sort of last card,' says Cap., 'and that's what made me change my mind about buying him. Get five thousand twelve sheets in yellow and red; ten thousand three sheets; fifteen thousand block one sheets with cut of the horse. And you can place an order for as many black and white dodgers as they can turn out between this and the end of the week. It's a big card and we're going into it up to our eyebrows.'

"If I had had time to consider anything but hustling, I might have thought the thing was a fake. But it was the old man's game and I left him to do the worrying. I threw rush orders into the printers and soon had the presses banging away on the stuff desired.

"Next day Cap. started a four-inch double-column notice in every paper in town. I hired an army of distributers and began to put out the dodgers as they came hot off the bat; then I got a couple of Guinea bands, put them in open wagons, done up with painted muslin announcements, and sent them forth to tear off the melody and otherwise delight the eye and ear of the town. As the big stuff came off the press it was slapped up on every blank wall and fence in the city that wasn't under guard; and when the job was finished, St. Louis fairly glared with it. If there was a person who hadn't heard of the Talking Horse by the end of the week, they must have been deaf, dead or in jail.

"The nag was to make his first appearance on Monday, and the last sheet of paper had been put up and the last hand bill disposed of by Saturday afternoon.

"'How does she look?' says Cap. to me when I came in.

" 'Great,' says I. 'If they ain't tearing the place down to get in on Monday, why my bump of prophecy has a dent in it.'

" 'Let 'em come, says Cap., looking very much tickled. 'We need the money and we ain't turning nobody away. The horse has reached town and will be brought around to-morrow morning; so you make it a point to be on hand to let it and the handler in.'

"I was around bright and early on Sunday morning, and along comes the horse. He was got up in the swellest horse stuff I ever saw—beaded blankets of plush and silk, with his name embroidered on them, and all that kind of goods. The handler was a husky with one lamp and a bad one at that.

" 'Where do I put him?' says he.

" 'On the top floor,' says I. 'We've got planks on the stairs and a rigging fixed to haul him up by.'

"When we got him safely landed and the glad coverings off, I looked him over.

" 'His intellect must sort of tell on him, don't it?' asks I.

" 'Why, he is some under weight,' says the fellow in charge.

" 'He don't look over-bright to me,' I goes on.

" 'He never does on Sundays,' the husky comes back. 'It's sort of an off day with him.'

"Then I went out to lunch and stayed about two hours; when I got back I found a gang of cops and things buzzing all over the place. Cap. was in the office, his plug hat on the back of his head and a cigar in his mouth.

" 'What's the trouble?' says I.

" 'Had a hell of a time around here,' says he. 'I was called up on the 'phone and got down as soon as I could. Just take an observation of that fellow over there.'

"The fellow referred to was the handler of the Talking Horse. His left arm was done up in splints and bandaged from finger-tips to shoulder, and he had a clump of reporters around him about six feet thick.

" 'What hit him?' asks I.

" 'About everything on the top floor,' says Cap., solemnly. 'The Talking Horse is dead. Mighty Mardo broke out of his showcase about an hour ago, took a couple of half hitches around the Admiral and crushed him to death.'

" 'Go 'way!' says I.

" 'Sure thing,' says Cap. 'Come up stairs and have a look.'

"We went up and did so. The place was a wreck; the horse was the deadest I ever saw and the constrictor was still twined about him.

" 'Why, the snake's passed out, too,' says I.

"Cap. folds his hands meekly across his breast in a resigned sort of way.

" 'Yes,' says he; 'he, too, was killed in the dreadful struggle. He must have went straight for the Admiral as soon as he got loose. The handler was down in the office, alone, when the uproar started; he came jumping upstairs six steps to the jump and when he sees Mardo putting in that bunch of body holds on his intelligent charge, why, he took a hand. The result was a dead snake for me and a crippled wing for him. When I got here, Doc. Forbes was tying him up,' Cap. goes on rather sorrowful like; 'and when I sees what's happened, I know that I'm a ruined man. So I 'phones for the police and reporters to come down and view my finish.'

"From the way he talked I expected to see him carted home before the hour was up; but he wasn't. As soon as the newspaper fellows cleared out with all the facts

of the case in their note-books, Cap. sends for a fellow and puts him right to work fixing up the horse and snake so's they'll keep, and then lays them out.

"Next morning the newspapers slopped over with scare headlines telling of the battle. According to their way of looking at it, the struggles in the arena of old Rome were scared to death in comparison, and modern times did not come anywhere near showing a parallel of the combat between the terrible constrictor and the horse with the human voice. The result of this was that when the time came to open the doors at noon we had to have a squad of police to keep the mob from blocking traffic for squares around. Cap. had changed and doubled the size of his ads. over night.

The horse was done up in a big black coffin covered with flowers; and the lid with his name, age and wonderful accomplishment engraved upon a plate stood beside him. The remains of Mighty Mardo, stuffed with baled hay and excelsior, were embracing the dead Admiral with monster coils; and the crowds came, gazed, and marveled; then they went forth to tell their friends that they might come and do likewise.

"For weeks the coin came into the box like a spring freshet in the hill country, and Cap. must have kept the bank working after hours; at any rate, he sat around and smoked with a smile so angelic, that, to look at him, one wondered how he could wear it and not drift away into the ethereal blue. It was a good month before the thing lost its pulling power, and when it stopped Cap. had planted the stake that boosted him into the company he now keeps and set him to handling voices that cost thousands of simoleons an hour.

"When all was over, I found time to take the husky

with the damaged fin out and throw a few drinks into him. Then he told me the whole story.

" 'The old man didn't think you could do the thing justice if you were wise,' says he, 'so he kept you out. This ain't the horse the fellow offered to sell him, at all. He bought it at a bazar for ten dollars, the day before I brought it around. When you went out for lunch Cap. he comes in. We done for the plug in a minute, and as Mighty Marda was all but gone, on account of his rat diet, we finished him, too. Then we wrecked the place up some, took a couple of turns about the horse with Mardo, called in Doc. Forbes, who stood in, to fix up the fictitious fracture, and then rung in the show.'

"Yes," observed Bat, thoughtfully, after a pause, "I've made up my mind that H. Wellington Sheldon is a wise plug."

THE OWL-CRITIC

BY JAMES T. FIELDS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the
shop,
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post," little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck
is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And can not be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night-fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl can not roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mr. Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,

And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

THE MOSQUITO

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Fair insect! that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears, fall many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
Full angrily, men listen to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint.
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth:
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky and bore thee soft along;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence
  Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,
And as its grateful odors met thy sense,
  They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinion fluttered in Broadway,—
  Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
  Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite!
  What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest when I talk of beauty's light,
  As if it brought the memory of pain.
Thou art a wayward being—well, come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in mine ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer! rouge makes thee sick?
  And China Bloom at best is sorry food?
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
  Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?
Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime;
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at,—not to touch;
  To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
  As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired,—
Murmured thy admiration and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round: the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet.
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

"TIDDLE-IDDLE-IDDLE-IDDLE-BUM! BUM!"

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

When our town band gets on the square
On concert night you'll find me there.
I'm right beside Elijah Plumb,
Who plays th' cymbals an' bass drum;
An' next to him is Henry Dunn,
Who taps the little tenor one.
I like to hear our town band play,
But, best it does, I want to say,
Is when they tell a tune's to come
With
"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-
Bum-Bum!"

O' course, there's some that likes the tunes
Like *Lily Dale* an' *Ragtime Coons;*
Some likes a solo or duet
By Charley Green—B-flat cornet—
An' Ernest Brown—th' trombone man.
(An' they can play, er no one can);
But it's the best when Henry Dunn
Lets them there sticks just cut an' run,
An' 'Lijah says to let her hum
With
"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-
Bum-Bum!"

I don't know why, ner what's the use
O' havin' that to interduce
A tune—but I know, as fer me
I'd ten times over ruther see
Elijah Plumb chaw with his chin,
A-gettin' ready to begin,
While Henry plays that roll o' his
An' makes them drumsticks fairly sizz,
Announcin' music, on th' drum,
With

"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-
Bum-Bum!"

MY FIRST CIGAR

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

'Twas just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day,
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun
Pursued his westward way;
And in my safe seclusion
Removed from all the jar
And din of earth's confusion
I smoked my first cigar.

It was my first cigar!
It was the worst cigar!
Raw, green and dank, hide-bound and rank
It was my first cigar!

Ah, bright the boyish fancies
Wrapped in the smoke-wreaths blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew!
Dark night closed in around me—
Black night, without a star—
Grim death methought had found me
And spoiled my first cigar.

It was my first cigar!
A six-for-five cigar!
No viler torch the air could scorch—
It was my first cigar!

All pallid was my beaded brow,
The reeling night was late,
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"
I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far,
I knew he knew I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar!

It was my first cigar!
A give-away cigar!
I could not die—I knew not why—
It was my first cigar!

Since then I've stood in reckless ways,
I've dared what men can dare,
I've mocked at danger, walked with death,
I've laughed at pain and care.
I do not dread what may befall
'Neath my malignant star,
No frowning fate again can make
Me smoke my first cigar.

I've smoked my first cigar!
My first and worst cigar!
Fate has no terrors for the man
Who's smoked his first cigar!

SHONNY SCHWARTZ

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

Haf you seen mine leedle Shonny,—
Shonny Schwartz,—
Mit his hair so soft und yellow,
Und his face so blump und mellow;
Sooch a funny leedle fellow,—
Shonny Schwartz?

Efry mornings dot young Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Rises mit der preak off day,
Und does his chores oup righdt avay;
For he gan vork so vell as blay,—
Shonny Schwartz.

Mine Katrina says to Shonny,
"Shonny Schwartz,
Helb your barents all you gan,
For dis life vas bud a shban:
Py und py you'll been a man,
Shonny Schwartz."

How I lofes to see dot Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Vhen he schgampers off to schgool,
Vhere he alvays minds der rule!
For he vas nopody's fool,—
Shonny Schwartz.

How I vish dot leedle Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Could remain von leedle poy,
Alvays full off life und shoy,
Und dot Time vould not annoy
Shonny Schwartz!

Nefer mindt, mine leedle Shonny,—
Shonny Schwartz;
Efry day prings someding new:
Alvays keep der righdt in view,
Und baddle, den, your own canoe,
Shonny Schwartz.

Keep her in der channel, Shonny,—
Shonny Schwartz:
Life's voyich vill pe quickly o'er;
Und den ubon dot bedder shore
Ve'll meet again, to bart no more,
Shonny Schwartz.

A BULLY BOAT AND A BRAG CAPTAIN

A Story of Steamboat Life on the Mississippi

BY SOL SMITH

Does any one remember the *Caravan?* She was what would now be considered a slow boat—*then* (1827) she was regularly advertised as the "fast running," etc. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the *Caravan* ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the Falls (Louisville) I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a *time* of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The Captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the *game of brag.* We had been out a little more than five days, and we were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and night coming on. The pilot on duty *above* (the other pilot held three aces at the time, and was just calling out the Captain, who "went it strong" on three kings) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy Captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was *below* and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck,

where he soon discovered by the landmarks that we were about half a mile from a woodyard, which he said was situated "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the Captain, "I don't much like to take wood of the yellow-faced old scoundrel who owns it—he always charges a quarter of a dollar more than any one else; however, there's no other chance." The boat was pushed to her utmost, and in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made the point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees alongside of a good-sized wood pile.

"Hallo, Colonel! How d'ye sell your wood *this* time?"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two weeks' beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his armpits a pair of copperas-colored linsey-woolsey pants, the legs of which reached a very little below the knee; shoes without stockings; a faded, broad-brimmed hat, which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth—casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our "spring line," answered:

"Why, Capting, we must charge you *three and a quarter* THIS *time.*"

"The d—l!" replied the Captain—(captains did swear a little in those days); "what's the odd *quarter* for, I should like to know? You only charged me *three* as I went down."

"Why, Capting," drawled out the wood merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance, which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold, "wood's riz since you went down two weeks ago; besides, you are awar that you very seldom stop going *down*—when you're going *up* you're sometimes obleeged to give me a call, becaze the current's aginst you, and there's no other

woodyard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of fooel, why—"

"Well, well," interrupted the Captain, "we'll take a few cords, under the circumstances," and he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour we felt the *Caravan* commence paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag-table, where the Captain was deeply engaged, having now the *other* pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly—and seemed to be going at a good rate.

"How does that wood burn?" inquired the Captain of the mate, who was looking on at the game.

"'Tisn't of much account, I reckon," answered the mate; "it's cottonwood, and most of it green at that."

"Well, Thompson—(Three aces again, stranger—I'll take that X and the small change, if you please. It's your deal)—Thompson, I say, we'd better take three or four cords at the next woodyard—it can't be more than six miles from here—(Two aces and a bragger, with the age! Hand over those V's)."

The game went on, and the paddles kept moving. At eleven o'clock it was reported to the Captain that we were nearing the woodyard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot on duty.

"Head her in shore, then, and take in six cords if it's good—see to it, Thompson; I can't very well leave the game now—it's getting right warm! This pilot's beating us all to smash."

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The Captain seemed somewhat vexed when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last woodyard—*three and a quarter;* but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there were no staterooms *then*) I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the Captain and the pilots (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag), *one* of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their "anties." They were anxious to *learn the game*—and they *did* learn it! Once in a while, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the Captain or pilot—or if they did venture to "call out" on "two bullits and a bragger," they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and were *more venerable!* Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing—they wanted to learn the game.

At two o'clock the Captain asked the mate how we were getting on.

"Oh, pretty glibly, sir," replied the mate; "we can scarcely tell what headway we *are* making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. This wood seems rather better than that we took in at Yellow-Face's, but we're nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just ahead on the right—shall we hail?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Captain; "ring the bell and ask 'em what's the price of wood up here. (I've got you again; here's double kings.)"

I heard the bell and the pilot's hail, "What's *your* price for wood?"

A youthful voice on the shore answered, "Three *and* a quarter!"

"D—nèt!" ejaculated the Captain, who had just lost

the price of two cords to the pilot—the strangers suffering *some* at the same time—"three and a quarter again! Are we *never* to get to a cheaper country? (Deal, sir, if you please; better luck next time.)"

The other pilot's voice was again heard on deck:

"How much *have* you?"

"Only about ten cords, sir," was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The Captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight—and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the *Caravan* again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag-party broke up and settlements were being made, during which operation the Captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and *would* have made many more if he could have procured good wood. It appears the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The Captain, as he rose to see about taking in some *good* wood, which he felt sure of obtaining now that he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot, with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an undertone, "Forty apiece for you and I and James (the other pilot) is not bad for one night."

I had risen and went out with the Captain, to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards—so I was disappointed in *my* expectation. We were nearing the shore,

for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being invisible from the middle of the river.

"There it is!" exclaimed the Captain; "stop her!" Ding—ding—ding! went the big bell, and the Captain hailed:

"Hallo! the woodyard!"

"Hallo yourself!" answered a squeaking female voice, which came from a woman with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

"What's the price of wood?"

"I think you ought to know the price by this time," answered the old lady in the petticoat; "it's three and a qua-a-rter! and now you know it."

"Three and the d—l!" broke in the Captain. "What, have you raised on *your* wood, too? I'll give you *three,* and not a cent more."

"Well," replied the petticoat, "here comes the old man —*he'll* talk to you."

And, sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copperas-colored pants, yellow countenance and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cottonwood squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance:

"Why, darn it all, Capting, there is but three or four cords left, and *since it's you,* I don't care if I *do* let you have it for *three—as you're a good customer!"*

After a quick glance at the landmarks around, the Captain bolted, and turned in to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it some time since—that *we had been wooding all night at the same woodyard!*

WHEN THE ALLEGASH DRIVE GOES THROUGH

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

We 're spurred with the spikes in our soles;
There is water a-swash in our boots;
Our hands are hard-calloused by peavies and poles,
And we 're drenched with the spume of the chutes;
We gather our herds at the head,
Where the axes have toppled them loose,
And down from the hills where the rivers are fed
We harry the hemlock and spruce.

We hurroop them with the peavies from their sullen beds of snow;
With the pickpole for a goadstick, down the brimming streams we go;
They are hitching, they are halting, and they lurk and hide and dodge,
They sneak for skulking eddies, they bunt the bank and lodge;
And we almost can imagine that they hear the yell of saws
And the grunting of the grinders of the paper-mills, because
They loiter in the shallows and they cob-pile at the falls,
And they buck like ugly cattle where the broad dead-water crawls;
But we wallow in and welt 'em, with the water to our waist,

For the driving pitch is dropping and the drouth is gasping "Haste"!
Here a dam and there a jam, that is grabbed by grinning rocks,
Gnawed by the teeth of the ravening ledge that slavers at our flocks;
Twenty a month for daring Death—for fighting from dawn to dark—
Twenty and grub and a place to sleep in God's great public park;
We roofless go, with the cook's bateau to follow our hungry crew—
A billion of spruce and hell turned loose when the Allegash drive goes through.

My lad with the spurs at his heel
Has a cattle-ranch bronco to bust;
A thousand of Texans to wheedle and wheel
To market through smother and dust;
But I with the peavy and pole
Am driving the herds of the pine,
Grant to my brother what suits his soul,
But no bellowing brutes in mine.

He would wince to wade and wallow—and I hate a horse or steer!
But we stand the kings of herders—he for There and I for Here;
Though he rides with Death behind him when he rounds the wild stampede,
I will chop the jamming king-log and I 'll match him deed for deed;
And for me the greenwood savor, and the lash across my face

Of the spitting spume that belches from the back-wash of the race;
The glory of the tumult where the tumbling torrent rolls,
With half a hundred drivers riding through with lunging poles;
Here's huzza for reckless chances! Here's hurrah for those who ride
Through the jaws of boiling sluices, yeasty white from side to side!
Our brawny fists are calloused, and we're mostly holes and hair,
But if grit were golden bullion we'd have coin to spend and spare!

Here some rips and there the lips of a whirlpool's bellowing mouth,
Death we clinch and Time we fight, for behind us gasps the Drouth;
Twenty a month, bateau for a home, and only a peep at town,
For our money is gone in a brace of nights after the drive is down;
But with peavies and poles and care-free souls our ragged and roofless crew
Swarms gayly along with whoop and song when the Allegash drive goes through.

University of California Los Angeles
L 007 095 085 2

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 675 186 1